

# The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.

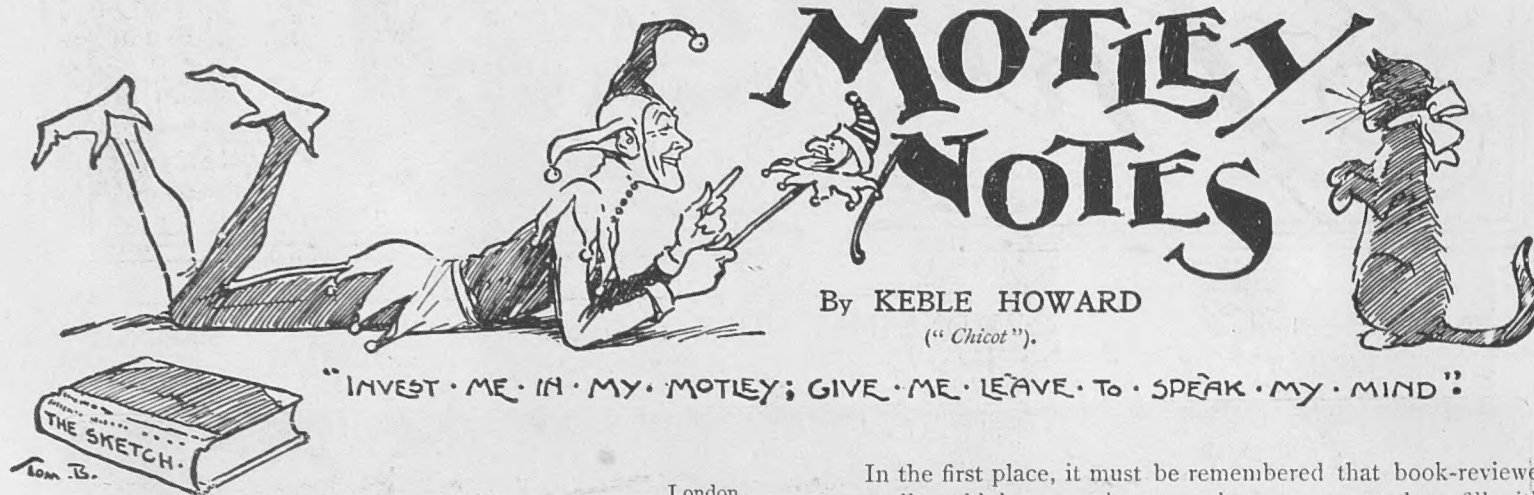


MR. FREDERICK HARRISON'S LEADING LADY FOR THE HAYMARKET: AN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS  
IN "LONDON ASSURANCE."

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who is under a three years' agreement with Messrs. Liebler, recently returned to this country after a very successful season in America. Her managers intended that she should appear in "The Prince Consort" only this season, but as the public did not much appreciate the play it was withdrawn in favour of a revival of the "classic" "London Assurance," in which she was, of course, the Lady Gay Spanker. Miss Jeffreys returns to America next year, and again in 1907. During her present stay in this country she will appear, by courtesy of Messrs. Liebler, at the Haymarket, when that theatre comes under the sole management of Mr. Frederick Harrison.

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*





London.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING made some very sensible remarks in his summing-up of the *Moy Thomas v. Punch* case. He said that anybody exercising the functions of a critic might not write in a derogatory way of a man because he did not like him. Again, a critic ought to be clearly bound not to praise the author because he was his friend. Lastly, his comment must be fair, honest, and relevant. These remarks, I say, were quite sensible. They were also quite obvious. Mr. Justice Darling did well to say them, but I wish he had gone a little deeper into the subject. The more that is said on the question of criticism the better. It is a question that needs airing, not only for the sakes of the critic and the criticised, but also of the public. The public thinks, fondly enough, that it understands the ins and outs of criticism. If you speak to the public of a review in a paper, the public smiles, nods, closes one eye, and says, "That's all right, old man. We know all about that." But the public doesn't know all about it. The public knows just as much about it as Mr. Justice Darling told it in his summing-up. Of course, it was no less wise before Mr. Justice Darling delivered himself of those admirable truisms. The public always knew, for example, that a critic should not slate a book because he doesn't happen to like the author. But did the public know, and does it realise it now, that a critic is often afraid to praise a book because he is known to be a personal friend of the author?

Mr. Justice Darling, if he really intended to lay down a definite code of morals for the critic, should have urged him to say exactly what he felt about a book, and cease to wonder whether So-and-so would think it was favouritism, or Thus-and-thus would accuse him of log-rolling, or What-and-why would suspect him of receiving bribes. Mr. Justice Darling, if he felt bound to tackle the question at all, should also have urged the critic to rely upon his own judgment, and not to refrain from praising a book that seemed to him good because nobody else had yet said anything particularly favourable about the author. Mr. Justice Darling might have gone even further, and implored the reviewer to disregard the name of the publisher when writing his criticism. "After all," his Lordship might have observed—and I am sure the Court would have forgiven him these trifling irrelevancies; they often do—"it is no concern of the critic's whether the publisher of the particular book under review spends money in the critic's paper, or whether some enemy will benefit indirectly from the sale of the book, or whether the publishing-house is less distinguished than other houses." I wish that Mr. Justice Darling had said some of these things, for then, even if those chiefly concerned had not listened, the public would have been better able to read between the lines of reviews.

Still, Fools may rush in where Judges fear to tread, and so, with a defiant jingle of my bells, I will continue. I have mentioned two kinds of critics who are apt to be unfair to the author in ways not mentioned by Mr. Justice Darling. There is one other kind, though, and he is the worst of all. I mean, of course, the critic who does not read the book. No man, I will venture to assert, ever yet praised or damned a book that he had not read. The public may say, "Well, then, where's the trouble? It cuts both ways." Once again the public is wrong. It doesn't cut both ways, for whereas it cannot hurt a man who has written a bad book to be damned, it may injure a man who has written a good book to be damned with faint praise. Therefore, since Mr. Justice Darling omitted to do so, I will give the public a hint or two which may help it to pick out a review written by a critic who has not read the book.

In the first place, it must be remembered that book-reviewers are generally told how much space they are expected to fill with each review. Suppose, then, that Mr. Cecil Primrose, the distinguished but needy minor poet, has been instructed to write two hundred words about a new novel by Sybil Morton, entitled "The Joy of Peril." (Heaven send there be no such book in existence.) Now, Cecil knows very well that the review will bring him in about five shillings. He is not going to read a novel by an unknown author, more particularly when that unknown author is a woman, for five shillings. He opens it, discovers from the first chapter that the scene is laid in the New Forest, and from the last page that the ending is "happy." Conventional, says he. Then he looks at some passage near the middle of the book, and finds the heroine weeping over her mother's grave. Cheap sentiment, says he. Finally, he notes that the publishing-house is of second-rate importance. Then he gets to work. Here is Mr. Cecil Primrose's (unsigned) review—

"The publishing season is rapidly drawing to a close, yet the output of feminine fiction continues with unabated vigour. A very fair specimen of the harmless, superfluous novel is Sybil Morton's sentimental little tale entitled 'The Joy of Peril.' Those of our readers who are acquainted with the workings of the mind of the feminine novelist will readily understand the nature of the peril which Miss Morton would have us believe brings with it a certain recompense of its own. It would be unfair, both to the author and to her readers, to disclose more of the plot. It will be sufficient to say that, in the last chapter"—here Mr. Primrose takes a drink—"the tears are dried away, sorrow giving place to joy. The descriptions of the New Forest, in which the scene of the book is laid, are treated with a facility that shows a certain power of observation combined with knowledge of the district. It may be said, too, that Miss Morton can write pathos—such as the scene in which the heroine visits the grave of her mother—with a good deal of sympathy. Altogether, a passable volume for the han-mock, the beach, or the railway-train."

"So much for that," sighs Mr. Primrose, and turns to another. The chances are that the review is quite as good as the book deserves. On the other hand, it is just possible that Miss Morton has in her the makings of a very fine writer. There may be passages in "The Joy of Peril" equal to anything in the works of those mighty ones who have won their way to limp leather covers through the gateway of the grave. If so, Mr. Primrose has not discovered them, and the novel, perhaps, will fall only into the hands of the Primroses. And Miss Sybil Morton, after months and months of patient, despairing, hopeful work, will grow sick at heart as she reads notice after notice in this cruel, tolerant vein, until at last she decides to leave the field of fiction clear for the boomsters and the religion-mongers.

Now, Mr. Justice Darling, do you see what a chance you missed?

Having brought this painful little lecture to a conclusion, I should like to observe, breathlessly, that Sir Oliver Lodge is quite wrong in supposing that the same head cannot contain both brains and teeth. All my teeth are sound. Sir Oliver need not worry, either, about the gradual disappearance of human toes. They are useful only to footballers and fathers.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is another person on my mind. Mr. Jerome says, in effect, that a woman's column in a journal is an insult to women because it is all about dress. This is a mistake. A woman's column is not intended as an insult to women, but as a warning to men—to skip it.

I had also some rather important things to say about the Tower Bridge and the charging cavalry. The former, however, must wait. The latter, apparently, couldn't.

RIVAL BLUES AT CRICKET: OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S.





## THE CLUBMAN.

*Is an Extra Week's Holiday a Blessing?—Eccentric Dinners—  
The "Potemkin"—Paul Jones.*

THE Harrovians have an extra week's holiday in honour of the King's visit, and the boys and the younger masters must rejoice greatly thereat, for it means another splendid week free from Latin and Greek and mathematics for the former, and a longer trip to Switzerland or the Austrian Tyrol for the latter. I doubt whether the fathers and mothers will be quite as enthusiastic.

The boys home for the holidays are anchors, and many a little trip to some foreign watering-place or visit to friends has to be dated from the time the boys go back to school. An extra week of holiday throws all these plans out of gear.

I am not sure that the midsummer holidays do not seem quite long enough to the boys as it is, without any additions. Of course, nothing in the world would induce a schoolboy to admit that there could be too much holiday; but often, in the late summer, I meet boys who have played so much cricket that they are looking forward to football, and who have fished and bathed and rowed and walked to satiety. It is etiquette to look forward with disgust to the day of going back to school, but I have my doubts whether that disgust is not sometimes simulated.

I do sincerely hope that the fashion of dinners with pantomime surroundings is not coming to us from America. Mr. Kessler, who gave the

much-talked-of gondola-dinner, has already given some eccentric dinners which set New York talking for three days. One of these was a dinner on horseback. Now, if there is an occasion more than another when it is difficult to enjoy food, it is when mounted on a horse which keeps moving, and for this reason lunch in the hunting-field is restricted to sandwiches and a pull from a flask. To reproduce for a dinner-party circumstances under which it is exceptionally difficult to eat and drink may be novel, but it is not good hospitality. There was another New York dinner in which the dining-hall was turned into an imitation wood, turf was laid down instead of a carpet, and many rabbits, pheasants, and other wild things scuttled about from corner to corner. When I am dining, I would rather not have a frightened rabbit playing hide-and-seek round my legs, and when I am asked to take a meal in the open air I generally find that either my hostess or my host has put rugs on the turf to counteract the dampness.

There was a farm-yard dinner in New York, to which all the guests came as farm-hands, and ducks waddled

about the floor, and hens scratched at the carpet; and there was an egg dinner, at which the guests took their places at a table inside a gigantic imitation egg; indeed, at one time, no man in America seemed to think an expensive dinner was well served unless his guests ate it under circumstances of exceptional discomfort. Personally, I would sooner eat a dinner on the terrace of the Savoy, looking at the wonderful view up river, than sitting in a gondola, which is rather a wobbly form of boat, and floating in a courtyard.

The writers of thrilling tales of the sea for boys will have in future to tune their fiction to a higher pitch in order to compete with realities, for never was there a stranger tale in any "penny dreadful" than that of the cruise of the *Potemkin*. For a whole man-of-war crew to turn pirates and to run amok on the high seas in a first-class battleship is such a wildly improbable crime that even Jules Verne would have hesitated to make use of the idea. Our own mutinies at Portsmouth and at the Nore, which have hitherto been records in insubordination, become quite peaceful proceedings in contrast to the doings of the mad-dog battleship.

Paul Jones was a Russian Admiral at one time, though no one cares to recall the fact now, for the Russians have had so many buccaneers amongst their latter-day captains that they have no remembrance for free-lances of days gone by, and the Americans are not particularly anxious that history should record that the Father of the American Navy ate foreign bread and earned foreign gold in his last days. The old privateer, who was not a model character, but was a first-class fighting-man, has been thoroughly Americanised again many years after his death; his body has been discovered, after infinite trouble, in a disused Parisian cemetery, and, with all the pomp and circumstance that two great nations can bring to the ceremony, is being taken across the Atlantic to rest in a hero's grave. As he was born a Scotchman, Great Britain can claim some share of Jones's glory, though during the greater portion of his life the English always talked of him as a pirate. Paul Jones was an apostle of the "big-stick" creed, and that alone should bring his

name great honour in America just now, and he was such a splendidly dogged fighter, and had the Anglo-Saxon characteristic of not knowing when he was beaten to such a high extent, that it is no wonder that one of the Anglo-Saxon nations is doing its best to canonise him. His fight with the *Serapis* was won entirely by his refusal to believe in the possibility that he could be beaten, and there is little wonder that the President of the States should be anxious to do honour to the man of all men who led a strenuous life.



MR. FREDERICK MOY THOMAS VERSUS "MR. PUNCH" AND "TOBY, M.P.": MR. H. W. LUCY ("TOBY, M.P."), ONE OF THE DEFENDANTS.

Mr. Lucy and Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co., proprietors of "Punch," defended the action on the ground that the criticism of Mr. Thomas's book was fair comment on a matter of public interest. The jury, however, found for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at £300. A stay of execution was granted.

Photograph by Langfrier.



MR. FREDERICK MOY THOMAS VERSUS "MR. PUNCH" AND "TOBY, M.P.": MR. FREDERICK MOY THOMAS, THE PLAINTIFF.

Mr. Moy Thomas is the author of "Fifty Years in Fleet Street; being the Life and Recollections of Sir John Robinson," and it was his objection to the criticism of that work by Mr. H. W. Lucy that led to the case heard last week before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury in the King's Bench Division.

Photograph by Russell.

Mr. R. C. De Ville.

Sergeant Richards. Major Van der Weyde. Mr. Best.

Mr. Moccock. Captain Kirtton. Mr. Horace Orde.

Mr. C. H. Buck.

Captain A. O. Vaughan.



Mr. George Murray.

Mr. G. W. Bruton.

Mr. W. S. Bellamy.

Mr. Roger Pocock.

Mr. de Hora.

Mr. Raynham Stewart.

Mr. C. Cory Kernick.

Mr. R. A. Durand.

"THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN," FOUNDED BY THE EARL OF LONSDALE, AND PLANNED BY MR. ROGER POCKOCK: MEMBERS OF THE LONDON COMMAND IN FRONTIER DRESS.

Mr. Roger Pocock, realising that the hardships of the average frontiersman's life usually unfit him for active service under ordinary army conditions, formed the idea of getting frontiersmen to enrol for war-service, less as ordinary soldiers than as guerillas. He communicated his idea to the Earl of Lonsdale, who agreed to place himself at the head of the new force. The Legion will be divided into four branches: the first will consist of men who, knowing a particular district liable to become a seat of war, will be enrolled as guides for special service, and in peace for secret service; the second will be devoted to scouts; the third will contain men who can ride, shoot, load a pack-horse, and fight; the fourth will consist of men of special trades useful in warfare. Captain Kirtton is the well-known War-Correspondent; Mr. Horace Orde, a Patagonian cowboy; Major Van der Weyde, an ex-officer in the United States Army; Mr. de Hora, a mining engineer; Mr. Stewart, one of Lovat's Scouts; Mr. Durand, a Central African trader; Mr. Moccock, a prospector; Mr. G. W. Bruton, an ex-member of the Bechuanaland Police; and Mr. R. C. De Ville, an ex-member of the Hong-Kong Police.



FRANCE'S VICTORY IN THE MOTOR-DERBY; AND THE WEDDING OF ONE OF OUR WEALTHIEST PEERS.



THÉRY WINS THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP FOR FRANCE FOR THE SECOND TIME: THE VICTOR OF THE MOTOR-DERBY AT A BAD CORNER.

Théry's victory in the great race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup last week marks not only the second occasion on which he has won the coveted cup, but his fourth big success. It must be confessed that fortune favoured him not a little, for in the first two rounds Lancia, driving a Fiat for Italy, gained no less than 12 minutes 56 seconds on the chief of the French champions. In the third round, however, Lancia met with a mishap, and was put out of the race. In the end, Théry, on a Richard-Brasier, won in 7 hours 2 minutes 42 3-5 seconds. Nazari, driving for Italy on a Fiat, was second in 7 hours 19 minutes 9 1-5 seconds; Cagno, also on a Fiat, and also representing Italy, third, in 7 hours 21 minutes 22 3-5 seconds. The best time made for the English team was that scored by Rolls, who finished the course in 8 hours 26 minutes 42 1-5 seconds, on a Wolseley. Earp followed him in 8 hours 27 minutes 29 1-5 seconds, driving a Napier.—[Photograph by Branger.]



THE WEDDING OF ONE OF OUR WEALTHIEST PEERS: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE BEING ROWED TO THE STEAMER "PRINCESS MAUD," ON WHICH THEY CROSSED FROM IRISH TO SCOTTISH WATERS.

The wedding of Miss Augusta Bellingham, younger daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, and the Marquess of Bute, one of the wealthiest of British Peers, was celebrated last week with a good deal of pomp and circumstance. After the wedding ceremony in the Roman Catholic Church at Kilsaran, the bride and bridegroom journeyed some three miles to Annagassan, and there embarked on a white-painted fishing-boat, carrying the Irish flag at the prow and the Scottish flag at the helm, which carried them to the specially chartered vessel "Princess Maud," on which they steamed to Scotland. The boat was rowed by oarsmen wearing jerseys bearing the Bellingham crest, and it was followed by another boat carrying Lord Bute's pipers.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]



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AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF JAPAN'S ARMY IN THE FIELD: A BUDDHIST PRIEST IN HIS OFFICIAL UNIFORM.

Three Buddhist Priests are provided for each Division of the Japanese Army, a Division numbering 15,000 men.

Photograph supplied by T. Ruddiman Johnston.

present new colours to the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry in the Weston Park. The Royal party will not arrive at Knowsley till seven o'clock. Then to-morrow will be taken up by the Manchester visit. The Queen has not been to Knowsley for a considerable time, but Lady Derby has long been one of Her Majesty's intimate friends, and Lady Alice Stanley is a member of the Royal Household.

#### A Royal Coming-of-Age.

To-day, at Coburg, will be celebrated the coming-of-age of the young Prince, who has remained, if all one hears is true, so fond of his native country. Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was brought up till the premature death of his uncle, the late Duke, entirely as an English lad, and it will be remembered that he was at Eton, where he was a popular inmate of Mr. Arthur Benson's house. He is, of course, now a German Sovereign, and he is engaged to a charming German Princess, but he has retained many links with this country and is likely to be a frequent visitor to Claremont.

#### Lord Bute's Town House.

The new Marchioness of Bute will be able to entertain when in London on a splendid scale should it please her to do so, for St. John's Lodge, though situated rather far from fashionable Mayfair, is a most beautiful and luxurious mansion. Abutting, as do several fine old houses, on Regent's Park, Lord Bute's town house once belonged to Sir Julian Goldsmid, but it was greatly enlarged and altered by the nobleman who is said to have sat to Lord Beaconsfield for "Lothair." The picture-gallery is especially beautiful, and contains many priceless

## SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE King and Queen will have three busy days this week, and to-day's programme might well make the stoutest Royal heart quail. The proceedings at Sheffield will begin with lunch at the Town Hall; from thence their Majesties will proceed to the University, where the King will formally open the new buildings. Then will come an interesting visit to the Vickers and Maxim works. In between, as it were, various addresses will be presented, and Queen Alexandra will

works of art. St. John's Lodge saw some great gatherings during the late Peer's life, and Roman Catholic Society has been entertained there at some large dances. It is close to the Botanic Gardens, and this, perhaps, accounts in some measure for the fact that the young Marquess and his sister are such good botanists.

#### A Tiny Lady Explorer.

The postponement of the Peary Expedition must be a source of deep disappointment to the world-famous explorer's daughter, Marie, the plucky little girl who was born in the Arctic regions some twelve years or so ago, and about whom and her adventures there her mother has written a charming book. Mr. and Mrs. Peary are American, and their home is one of the wonders of the New World, if only because of the marvellous collection of furs which may there be seen. Many of these furs belong to their little daughter, and there is certainly no more beautiful collection of white bearskins in America; while the famous eider-down quilt presented to the explorer's wife and child by the natives of South Greenland is quite a work of art. Living amid such associations, Miss Peary may yet see herself a famous woman explorer; it is her great dream to reach the North Pole, and who knows but that she may some day accomplish her desire? Mrs. Peary made her first expedition some fifteen years ago, and she is quite as enthusiastic as her husband.



A DISAPPOINTED ARCTIC EXPLORER: MISS MARIE PEARY.

Miss Peary will not be less disappointed than her father, Lieutenant Peary, at the postponement of the Peary Arctic Expedition, necessitated by lack of funds. Miss Peary was born in the Far North some twelve years ago, and it is said to be the dream of her life to make a dash for the North Pole.

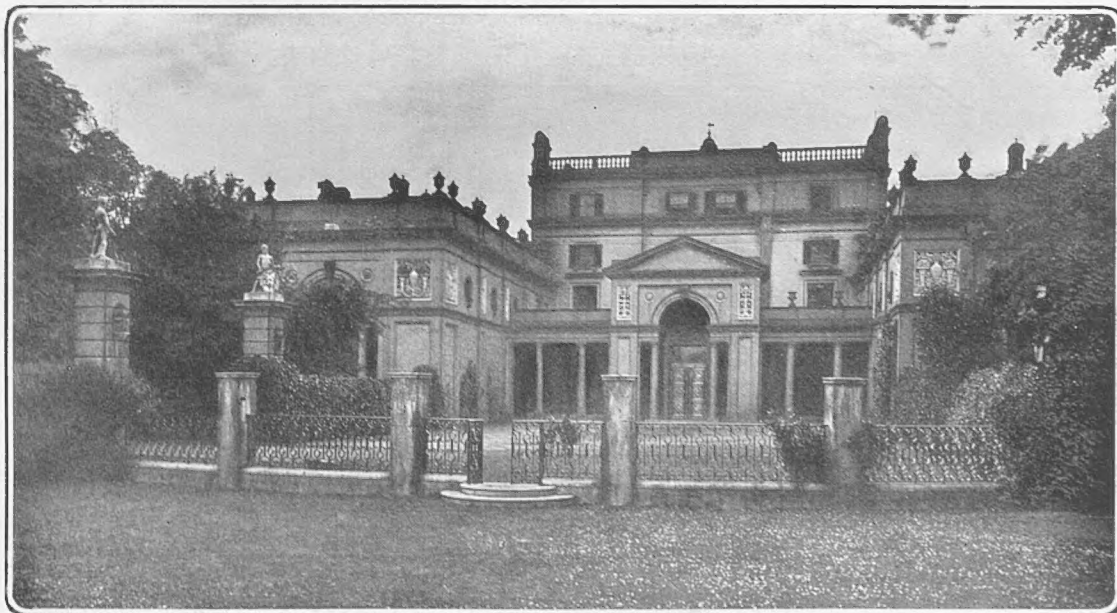
Photograph by Gribayedoff.

#### "Mr. Margaret Halstan."

Mr. John Hartman Morgan, who was fortunate enough to marry Miss Margaret Halstan last week, is not at all likely to be known merely as "Mr. Margaret Halstan," though that were sufficient honour. He is one of Balliol's distinguished men, and already well-known as a political journalist. He is now a leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, and a member of the Eighty Club, and, in view of his prominence in the Union, it is not too daring a hazard to guess that one of these days he will find a seat in the House of Commons. It is to be hoped that he will not induce his wife to leave the stage, as has been rumoured.

#### M. Loubet's Retirement.

The fact that M. Loubet has signed the lease of an unpretentious flat on the first-floor of No. 5, Rue Dante, is taken as proof positive that his decision not to seek re-election when his term of office expires in February is unalterable. The President's younger son is shortly to take his degree at the Sorbonne, and his father's new residence is admirably situated from his point of view, for the Rue Dante is a turning off the Boulevard St. Germain, close to the Cluny Museum, and, of course, to the University. The rent of the flat is said to be £220 a year, and the accommodation consists of a large dining-room, two reception-rooms, and five bedrooms.



THE LONDON HOME OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE: ST. JOHN'S LODGE, REGENT'S PARK.

St. John's Lodge, the Town House of the Marquess of Bute, will, doubtless, now see a revival of the social splendours for which it was known in the time of the present Marquess's father. It is situated near the Botanic Gardens, and, indeed, abuts on Regent's Park. It was once the residence of Sir Julian Goldsmid.

Photograph by Bassano.





THE MARRIAGE OF TWO OF THE QUEEN'S MAIDS-OF-HONOUR ON THE SAME DAY: MRS. BELL (NÉE MARY HART DYKE), WHO WAS MARRIED YESTERDAY.

Photograph by Langflier.

field, whose marriage took place not very long after the wedding of her Royal mistress and of Prince Albert. Miss Hart Dyke is a niece of the King and Queen's much-valued friend, the late Colonel Oliver Montagu, and stands in the same relationship to Lord Sandwich. She has been engaged to her soldier husband for some time, but he was on active service when the betrothal first took place. Miss Vivian, or, perhaps, as she ought now to be called, Mrs. Douglas Haig, is one of the twin-daughters of Louisa, Lady Vivian, and sister of the Peer of that name. Both Tuesday's brides have had the good fortune of being present at some of the most magnificent pageants of King Edward and Queen Alexandra's reign, notably the Coronation.

#### A Marquess-Fireman.

The recent National Fire Brigades Union Competition brought forth the Marquess of Downshire in a rôle in which he is comparatively little known, that of a fireman, a member, in brief, of the Wokingham Brigade, whose engine he usually drives. His ten years of service have by no means staled his enthusiasm, and he attends drills and calls with regularity, work that has earned him the Union's bronze medal for long service and good conduct. That he is not desirous of lessening in any way the arduous side of his duties is evident from the fact that he has chosen to remain in the ranks rather than take up the officer's work to which he is well fitted.

#### A Romance of the Pit.

Tuesday of last week was a sensational day on the Liverpool Cotton Market—brokers elbowed and pushed their way into the Exchange amid a scene of indescribable hubbub, to find a parallel to which it is necessary to go back to the notorious Sully Corner—but it was in New York, as might have been expected, that the cause lay. The American Cotton Market was in a state of panic on the Monday, and it provided, as a market in a panic almost always provides, at least one romance of commerce. Five years ago, Mr. Theodore Price failed: since then, he has paid off £400,000 of the debts he then owed; last week five minutes in the Pit brought him £100,000, and the following half-hour £50,000—for which, presumably, some less lucky speculators paid dearly. The new Cotton King, who was born in Virginia, is about forty-three, and first started in the cotton business

#### The Double Court-Wedding.

By far the most interesting social event of the week has been the marriage, on the same day, of two of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour—Miss Mary Hart Dyke, who became the bride of Captain Bell, and Miss Doris Vivian, whose bridegroom, General Douglas Haig, is one of the most distinguished of Anglo-Indian officers. Their Majesties invited the two happy couples to be married in the private chapel in Buckingham Palace, thus following an interesting precedent, for the same honour was bestowed by Queen Victoria on the late Lady Bloom-

in Norfolk, in his native State. His hobby is physical exercise, a great amount of which he gains by walking and riding. He has a large house in New York, and country houses at Princeton and Tuxedo.

#### A Modern D'Orsay.

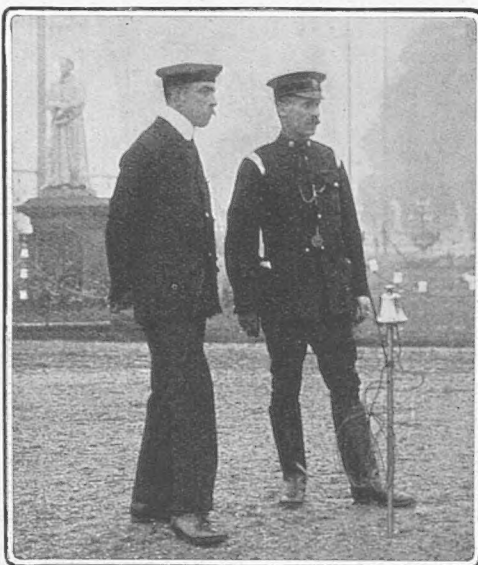
It is evidently untrue that the last of the Dandies died with D'Orsay; in point of fact, he seems to have died only the other day with Mikhail Stepanoff, of Yarinsk, who might well have laid claim to be the world's most self-conscious man. Even at ninety he was a Buck, a devoted reader of fashion-papers, the employer of a tailor who catered for him alone and invented "creations" for him alone, and the owner of a set of false teeth for every day of the normal year. His hair was always the fashionable colour of the moment, his calves—he wore knee-breeches—were specially modelled for him by an American Physical Culture School. His will provides 400,000 roubles for the foundation of a school of beauty for aged gentlemen; his teeth only are bequeathed to his son, a Moscow solicitor. Needless to say, that son will contest the document, on the ground that his father was not of sound mind. He should win his case.

#### Madame Melba Ill.

Madame Melba was "out of the bill" at Covent Garden last week, a matter to be sincerely regretted, especially as the cause was a severe attack of influenza. The great singer hopes, however, to be able to sing to-day (Wednesday) at the Bauermeister Benefit, which she organised, and which it would be a real disappointment for her to be compelled to miss.

#### A Conjurer in Morocco.

The troubles of France over the Moroccan Question recall the difficulty into which a French conjurer got at Fez in the time of the late Sultan. He was wandering about the country, meeting with great success among the Moors, when the Sultan heard of his skill, and immediately sent for him to Fez. He was commanded to perform before the Court, and the trick which met with most success was that of the Two Pigeons. The conjurer produced a couple of pigeons, one white and the other black, and, cutting off their heads, placed the head of the white pigeon on the neck of the black one, and vice versa. Then he liberated the two birds, who flew about the room. The Sultan was much taken with this trick, and at once sent for two magnificent slaves, one white and the other black, and ordered the unhappy man to perform the trick on them. The conjurer knew that to refuse would mean his own death, but he was equal to the occasion. He declared that he could do the trick easily, but that the magic weapons he had with him were not strong enough for two such big men. He therefore asked leave to go and fetch the necessary tools, promising to return and perform the trick in a few days' time. As soon as he got to the coast he set sail for France, and took particular care never to go near Morocco again.

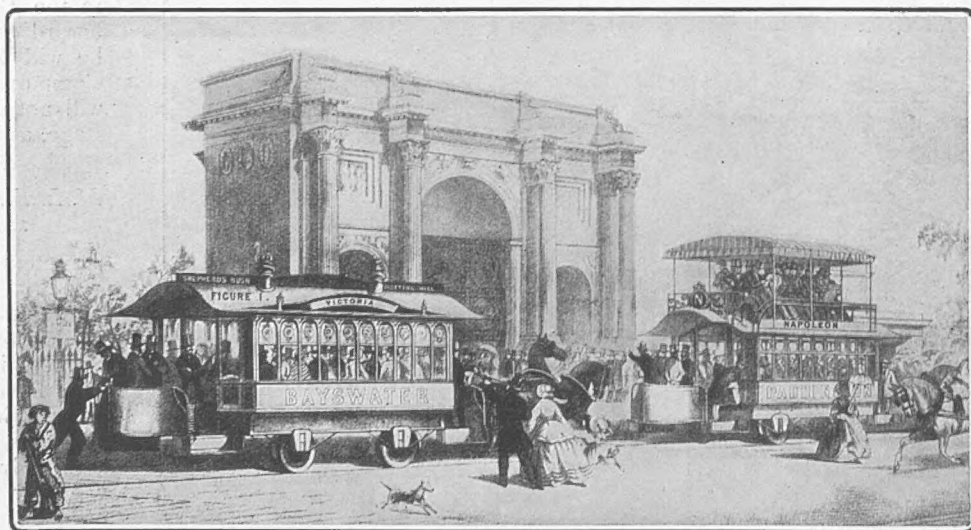


Marquess of Downshire.

A PEER-FIREMAN: THE MARQUESS OF DOWNSHIRE, WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE WOKINGHAM BRIGADE.

The Marquess of Downshire appeared at the Crystal Palace recently in a rôle in which he is comparatively little known, that of a fireman. He is as enthusiastic now as he was when he first took up the work, and he still prefers to remain in the ranks. He usually drives the engine.

Photograph by Russell.



LONDON'S FIRST TRAMS—APROPOS OF THE TRAMWAY EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL. The first trams laid down in London were a result of the work of the well-known American engineer, the late Mr. G. F. Train, who died a few months ago. They began to run, from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill Gate, in 1861. Local opposition, however, killed the enterprise in the following year.





A LADY MINISTER WHO HAS JUST CONDUCTED  
HER FIRST MARRIAGE SERVICE:  
MISS GERTRUDE VON PETZOLD, M.A.

Miss von Petzold accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church, Narborough Road, Leicester, last year. She is said to be the first lady appointed to a pastorate in England, but in America it is not uncommon for a woman to hold such office, even among the Society of Friends.

Photograph by J. Burton and Sons.

William the Conqueror. He bequeathed the Manor in 1148 to a colony of Cistercian monks from Rievaulx, "to make an Abbey of the Order Cistercians, to the honour of our beloved Lady, Saint Mary the Virgin." When Henry VIII. swept away the abbeys, Rufford was given by him to the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, whose grandson had charge of Mary Queen of Scots, and who married, firstly, a daughter of the first Earl of Rutland, and, secondly, the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, widow of Sir W. Cavendish. Her second daughter was married in the chapel at Rufford to Charles Stuart, younger brother of Darnley, the father of James I., and the result of this marriage was the ill-fated

*Rufford Abbey and its Ghosts.* One of the favourite visits of

the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales is to Rufford Abbey, the charming old house of Lord and Lady Savile. Not only is the shooting exceedingly good there, but the house is particularly interesting, and the owners have the rare art of being perfect hosts. There is no more cheery place than "Rufford" to stay in, for the parties are always well chosen and there is no lack of amusements to keep guests happy. Rufford Abbey is a very old building; at least, that part of it which belonged to the original Abbey, some of the windows of which are still "glazed" with horn. At the commencement of the twelfth century the Manor of Rufford was the fee of Gilbert de Gaunt, who was a grandson of Gislebert de Gaunt, a nephew of

church at Edwinstowe was entered the burial of a man who "died from fright after seeing the Rufford ghost."

*The Peer-Mayor of Westminster.*

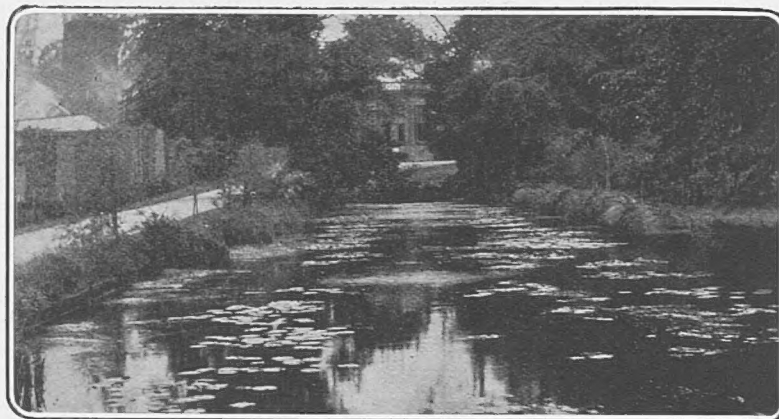
Lord Cheylesmore is one of the most versatile and interesting members of the Upper House, and as second Peer-Mayor of Westminster his Lordship will certainly carry on the excellent traditions left by the first, who was, it will be remembered, the Duke of Norfolk. As Colonel Herbert Eaton, Lord Cheylesmore was said to be the best-looking officer in the Guards: he inherited his good looks from his mother, who was an American, and he paid her the pretty compliment of choosing a wife among her countrywomen. The present Lady Cheylesmore was Miss Elizabeth French, of New York, and she met



A SOCIETY SIFFLEUSE:  
MISS MARGOT LETHBRIDGE, WHO HAS WON  
CONSIDERABLE SUCCESS AS A WHISTLER.

Miss Margot Lethbridge is a grand-daughter of the late Admiral Croft and of Sir Roper Lethbridge. She began to whistle at the age of four, and was trained by Mr. Charles Capper. She is especially happy in her interpretation of the works of Gounod and Chaminade.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

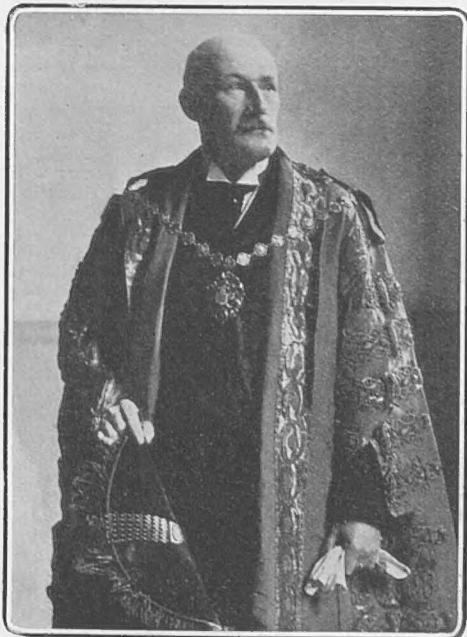


MONKS' METHOD OF ENSURING FRIDAY FARE: THE OLD FISH STEW,  
RUFFORD ABBEY.

The monks who were the original occupants of Rufford Abbey were evidently determined not to fast on Fridays, and to ensure a good fish-supply they were wont to lay by a store of fish in the Fish Stew here shown. From the "Stew" they had no difficulty in catching food for fish days.

Photograph by Leonard Willoughby.

her future husband in the Bermudas at the time his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, was stationed there. Lord and Lady Cheylesmore inherited many wonderful things from the first Peer, who was a great collector and who left some very fine objects of art to the nation. The Mayor of Westminster is himself a great authority on war-medals, and he has written a book on the subject. Lady Cheylesmore is one of the most prominent hostesses of North Berwick; there she owns a charming house called Cheylesmore Lodge, which is often let to noted folk. The Mayor of Westminster is one of the few Peers who can count himself a journalist, for he



THE PEER-MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER:  
LORD CHEYLESMORE.

Lord Cheylesmore is the second Peer who has been Mayor of Westminster, the first being the Duke of Norfolk. He is an authority on war-medals and has written a book on the subject.

Photograph by R. Thiele.

Arabella Stuart. The Stuarts were frequent visitors at Rufford, and Thoroton says: "This place hath often entertained King James and King Charles, his son, being very pleasant and commodious for hunting in the forest of Shirewood." Since then, George IV. and our present Sovereign have been frequent visitors to this noble old house, which is celebrated for containing the finest collection of Brussels tapestry in the world. To make Rufford quite complete in interest, it is haunted by "a little old lady in black," and also by a gigantic monk with a death's-head under his cowl. These have, undoubtedly, been seen by persons still living and of strict veracity, while in an early register of the parish

founded, and for many years edited, the *Guards' Magazine*.

*A Princess's Stamps.*

The last time he passed through Paris, the Duke of Connaught was presented by the French Government with a complete collection of French stamps from the year 1849, when the first series was issued. The stamps were intended for the Princess Margaret, now Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who asked the Duke to get the collection for her, if possible. A similar gift was made last year by the French Government to the Emperor of Japan, who also devotes some time to the fascinating pursuit of postage-stamp collecting.



AN AMERICAN BRITISH-MAYORESS:  
LADY CHEYLESMORE.

Lady Cheylesmore, wife of the present Mayor of Westminster, was born Elizabeth French, of New York. She met her future husband in the Bermudas, when his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, was stationed there.

Photograph by Langlier.



### The Ex-Speaker's Title.

Mr. Gully, upon whom the King is to confer the customary "mark of signal favour," has followed a somewhat unusual course in choosing the title by which he will be known in future. Mrs. Gully was born Elizabeth Anne Walford, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Selby, of Whitley and Wimbish, Essex, and it is as Viscount Selby that Mr. Gully will sit in the House of Lords.

### A New Privy Councillor.

Sir Robert Finlay, who has been admitted to the Privy Council and is now "the Right Honourable" and learned gentleman, has had an uncommonly long spell of office as a law officer. Although out of Parliament from 1892 to 1895, he recaptured his old seat for the Inverness Burghs in the latter year, and, as a Liberal-Unionist, joined the Coalition Government. He was Solicitor-General from 1895 to 1900, and since then has been Attorney-General. Such a long consecutive run of lucrative offices is very remarkable. Sir Robert Finlay has grown in breadth, but is very stalwart, with immense shoulders, and he is exceedingly industrious. One of his latest tasks has been in assisting the Home Secretary to pilot the Aliens Bill. As he is only sixty-three this week, he will probably live to sit on the Woollack.

### Lady Wynefride Cary-Elwes.

Lady Wynefride Cary-Elwes is one of the sisters of Lord Denbigh, and so takes rank among the Roman Catholic hostesses of Society. She married, when one-and-twenty, Mr. Gervase Cary-Elwes, who has, comparatively lately, sprung into fame as a singer, and this after

having been for some time in diplomacy. Lady Wynefride is the proud mother of six sons. When not in town, she lives at the Manor House, Brigg, in Lincolnshire.

### Political Honours.

As the Unionists have been in power for seventeen out of the last twenty years, they have obtained an enormous amount of patronage. There are now a great number of baronets and knights on the Government side of the House of Commons.

Peerages have been very rare, but there is a considerable addition every year to the number of members who delight to be called on by the Speaker as "Sir." None of the new-made baronets or knights troubles the House with many speeches, but all are good men of business. Two of the knights are solicitors—Sir Augustus Helder and Sir Thomas Skewes-Cox. Another new knight, Sir Samuel Sadler, is a coal-owner in the north-east of England. The new baronets, Sir Charles Tritton, the banker, and Sir Frederick Fison, the worsted manufacturer, are well-known members. The former has distinguished himself as a promoter of temperance. The latter is a director of the Great Northern Railway.

### The King Honours his Chef.

Everyone who has ever had the pleasure of being entertained by the King will be delighted to learn that His Majesty's chef, M. Menager, was the recipient of a Birthday Honour! On him has been conferred the Victorian medal. The monarch of the monarch's kitchen might lay claim, were it not that, in spite of the fact that he is a Southerner, he is also a modest man, to be the most accomplished chef in the world. Under his vigilant eye the Royal lunch and the Royal dinner are served each day, and on M. Menager the mantle of the famous-Soyer may truly be said to have fallen. No London chef has a pleasanter kitchen than that which overlooks the gardens of Buckingham Palace, and there M. Menager spends his happy, busy days when the Court is in London. It is, of course, quite a mistake to suppose, as is so often done, that French cookery is very

elaborate. Immense care is taken over the preparation of food, but the result aimed at is simplicity, and this is especially true of everything connected with the Royal menus. M. Menager is credited with liberal views as regards feminine *cordons bleus*, for he has put it on record that he considers that they are more dainty in their culinary operations than are their masculine rivals!

### Odessa.

It is not generally known that Odessa, the great Russian port on the Black Sea which has just obtained such an unenviable notoriety, is in its modern form the creation of a Frenchman. At the beginning of the last century Odessa was nothing but a miserable village under the shadow of a Turkish fort. In 1803 the Duc de Richelieu, the grandson of the Marshal, who had fled to Russia at the beginning of the French Revolution, was appointed Governor of the place by the Czar Alexander I., and after a few years' time he transformed the village into a flourishing modern town. After the Restoration the Duc went back to France to become Prime Minister, and left the Count Langeron to complete his work at Odessa. The old village is still to be seen behind the new city of the Duc de Richelieu.

### A New Russian Post.

The Czar of All the Russias and his responsible Ministers have created yet another position, that of the Chief of the General Staff. The work entailed is onerous enough to account for the fact that Lieut.-General Palatzyn has been appointed to perform it, and not a Grand Duke. The General will be directly answerable to his Emperor for the Staff and for the preparedness or unpreparedness of the Army; the central administration of the General Staff, which means the Department of the Quartermaster-General of the General Staff, the Department of Military Communications, the General Staff Academy, the Army Railway Department, and the Army Topographical Department, will be entrusted to him; he will be a permanent member of the Council of National Defence; he will suggest improvements in the organisation and arming of the Russian forces; he will arrange manœuvres; he will have to inspect land and coast defences—and he will probably be assassinated. An elaborate and hardly enticing programme.



THE HOLDER OF THE CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIP:  
MISS L. GOWER.

Miss Gower won the Open Croquet Championship at Roehampton recently, defeating the holder, Mr. R. C. J. Beaton.

Photograph by Bowden Brothers.



ONE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HOSTESSES OF SOCIETY:  
LADY WYNEFRIDE CARY-ELWES AND HER TWO YOUNGER SONS.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE CHAMPION MARKSWOMEN OF THE FIRST DRAGOON GUARDS: WIVES OF THE OFFICERS  
OF THE FIRST DRAGOON GUARDS TAKING PART IN THE ANNUAL REGIMENTAL SHOOT.

Colonel Bogle Smith provided a new feature at the annual regimental shoot of the First Dragoon Guards by organising a series of competitions for the wives of officers and men. The prize offered by the Colonel for the best shot among officers' wives and their friends was won by his wife. Service rifles were used.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE FLOWER-SELLER.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

*By W. and D. Downey.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I SUPPOSE that the majority of my readers have read Mr. Bernard Shaw's recent letter to the *Times* in abuse of the lady who ventured to the Opera wearing a rather large white bird by way of ornament to her dark hair. The letter was copied by nearly all the papers, and it may safely be presumed that the lady has suffered in the present very nearly as much as the bird suffered in the past. It so happened that I had left my train on the evening when Mr. Shaw honoured the Opera, and that I found myself seated immediately behind him, so I am able to bear witness that he did not write in jest when he declared that he donned evening-dress for the occasion and behaved himself as a gentleman should. In fact, I was rather struck by his surrender to the conventions, and found myself wondering whether the slow passage of the years, or the burden of successes, or the holy matrimonial state had availed to bring him into line with his less gifted and equally immaculate brethren.

*The Wrath of  
"G. B. S."*

I was conscious during the evening that he seemed a little perturbed, and was inclined to set it down to the conventional dress aforesaid, the rather stormy weather, and Signor Caruso's remarkable additions to Mozart's music. At the same time, I cannot help feeling that the gifted author of "Man and Superman" was a little severe in dealing with the lady. I do not think she was the only offender in the house, even though her offence was more obvious than most, and, inasmuch as evil is wrought by want of thought more than by lack of feeling, I rather doubt whether the lady deserved to be pilloried in such vigorous fashion. I suggest that the best way of placating Mr. Shaw would be to permit him to come to the Opera in future in a morning-coat and a blue or red tie. Indeed, if Mr. Shaw would only return to the scene of his labours and give us some of the old pleasure belonging to the nights when he wrote for the *Star*, over the well-known signature "Corno di Bassetto," I feel sure that all the patrons of the Opera would agree to forgive his eccentricities in costume. But, seeing that he was notably eccentric in the days when he was a wildly sober bachelor, it is, at least, unreasonable for him to rebuke eccentricity; it reminds me of Satan rebuking sin.

*Jove and the  
Kaiser.*

Most people will have noticed the report from Germany that the church of St. Catherine in Danzig has been struck by lightning, and its seventeenth-century peal of bells reduced to a mere mass of molten metal. I hear a rumour, which I give under all reserve, that the Kaiser has felt bound to regard this action of Jupiter Tonans as an unfriendly one, and has instructed his representative at the Court of Olympus to claim satisfaction. I am told that he demands a large province in the Elysian Fields for a German Colony, the erection of six German churches there, all dedicated to the injured St. Catherine, and several new peals of bells, to be manufactured free of charge

by Vulcan from material to be bought from German manufacturers. Moreover, Germany is to receive the most-favoured-nation treatment, and it is to have a monopoly for a term of years for the supply of thunderbolts to Jove, doves for Venus, helmets for Minerva, and nectar and ambrosia for the gods generally. It is hoped in German official circles that the Kaiser's prompt interference will serve to strengthen German influence in Olympus, and will convince Jupiter Tonans that there is, at least, one part of this earth that may not be damaged with impunity.

*Costers and  
Motor-Cars.*

Really the plight of the motorist becomes worse every day. I read in a police-report that a chauffeur was summoned for damaging a coster-barrow. The coster would not move his belongings out of the way,

and, in an endeavour to pass them by, the chauffeur treated the barrow somewhat severely. "I sounded my horn, so that he might move," explained the chauffeur; to whom the magistrate replied severely, "He had no occasion to move on account of your horn." In the end, the merry coster received a sum that sounds slightly in excess of the value of barrow, contents, and proprietor; and, of course, the owner of the motor-car had to pay. Really in these degenerate days it seems far more safe and profitable to push a barrow than to own a motor-car.

"BRUSHER" MILLS AND HIS CATCH.



"BRUSHER" MILLS, THE HERMIT SNAKE-CATCHER OF THE NEW FOREST, AND HIS HUT.

"Brusher" Mills, who for a number of years lived, hermit fashion, in a quiet part of the New Forest near the King's Hunting-ground, was found dead the other day. He was well known as a snake-catcher, most of his bag finding its way to the "Zoo" as food for the larger reptiles. At least five or six thousand snakes fell prey to him during his residence in the Forest.

*Exit "Brusher"  
Mills.*

I read with regret that poor old "Brusher"

Mills, the well-known snake-catcher of the New Forest, has joined the great majority. I knew him well. Many a time and oft he has explained to me the mysteries of his business, and shown me dangerous vipers and harmless grass-snakes that had fallen victims to the cleft stick he wielded so dexterously. Mills was a very clever fellow, full of country lore, and there is no doubt that he did a great deal to keep snakes under in the pleasant county of Hampshire. He had a cleft palate, and it was very difficult to understand what he said. His own explanation of this misfortune was a curious one. He told me that the fairies of the Forest, being anxious to protect their friends the snakes, had inflicted this cleft palate upon him in order that he might not be able to explain to landowners and gamekeepers the cause of his presence on preserved land. Their natural instinct, under these circumstances, would be to regard him as a poacher and to prosecute him accordingly. Happily, by his straight dealing and blameless record he had been able to overcome the malice of the fairies, and, in revenge, he never spared a snake. He had a curious old hut in the heart of the woods, near Brockenhurst, and was always in a state of great fear lest the Gipsies should raid it. As his worldly possessions seemed to consist largely of some old tin cans, I am inclined to think that his fears were almost groundless. Well, the fairies have their revenge at last, and now, I suppose, the snakes will have a chance to thrive.



"WHERE THE CROWS GATHERED." AT THE CRITERION.



MISS ETHEL IRVING,

WHO IS PLAYING LA VILLETTE, A BEAUTIFUL AND FAMOUS COURTESAN OF PARIS.

*Drawn, at a Special Sitting, by Gilbert Holiday.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"AYLMER'S SECRET," "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS," "THE AXIS," AND  
"WHERE THE CROWS GATHERED."

MR. BENSON and his Company come to town rather late this season. Indeed, there is just a trace of an after-season air about his programme. The most noteworthy item from the critic's point of view is "Aylmer's Secret," for Mr. Stephen Phillips is the author, and we have been waiting rather a long time for a contribution by the poet-dramatist, some of whose work has received the warmest praise bestowed by a critic of standing upon any drama in my lifetime. "Aylmer's Secret," like the ambitious new one-Act play at the Criterion, shows the immense importance of a little good sense in play-writing. Half-a-dozen questions by Lord Justice Bowen's "Man on the Clapham omnibus" would demolish either, and the mere fact that Mr. Phillips deals with prodigious mysteries and makes his modern people talk a sort of unmetrical blank verse gives no immunity against the attack of common-sense. Many passages sounded as if they were admirable in themselves, but their rather gorgeous eloquence seemed almost absurd when uttered in a Soho garret by an inventor in a velvet coat and "the Creature" he has created, in rags and tatters of modern costume. There were moments when the piece suggested the nightmare of some provider of automata for the music-halls, who had found his Frankenstein come actually to life, and possessed of a staggeringly copious vocabulary and graceful power of using it. Of good sense there is none; the style of dialogue obviously is preposterous, however agreeable the phrases may be; whilst the logic of the piece will not do. It is not unreasonable to imagine the building up by "dim chemistries" of a living creature in the form of a man, but that he should start fully equipped with a developed brain belongs to the miraculous. Mr. Henry Ainley acted the part of "the Creature" with very great ability; but Mr. F. R. Benson certainly was not at his best as Aylmer, and was decidedly overstagey. The audience seemed very well pleased by the performance.

Of course, there is nothing new to be said about "The Comedy of Errors," which was given with "Aylmer's Secret" at the Adelphi Theatre. A great many people will find it vastly amusing, and certainly the house roared with laughter again and again, thanks to the capital acting of the Benson Company. Both Mr. and Mrs. Benson played in a very spirited fashion as the Syracusan Antipholus and the shrewish Adriana. The Dromios were well represented, particularly in the case of Mr. G. R. Weir, one of the ablest and most nicely artistic of low-comedians in the land. Miss Mabel Moore, the Luciana, acted agreeably, and her work in "Aylmer's Secret" deserved praise. The rest of the Company acted briskly and effectively.

"The Axis," as the greenest playgoer would guess, is a title chosen in order to enable someone to say that the axis of the world is love, and one may add that the axis of most dramatists is love and misunderstandings. There were moments when Mr. Cyril Harcourt's piece at the Criterion turned on its axis so smoothly that I felt almost enthusiastic; however, this sentence illustrates one of the

author's offences, an offence growing out of favour nowadays—that of burdening a play with carefully carried-out figures of speech. I remember once reading a play in which, when the hero was supposed to be intensely in earnest, he described himself, or rather, his position, to the woman he loved in a long series of accurate figures of speech about a motor running away downhill. When I met the author, I expressed surprise at the technical knowledge exhibited, for I know he detests the new-fangled monsters; and he replied that a friend, an expert chauffeur, wrote the speech! I then

pointed out that the hero was not supposed to know anything about motors, and the speech would be rather unconvincing; and he actually cut it out. This sort of thing, to some extent, burdens the new play, which is not strong enough to bear a heavy handicap; still, a little revision would cure this, and it would be well to cut out some of the poorer jokes, such as that concerning the lady of fashion who calls "Benedick" Benedicene. Without being able to write enthusiastically, one is able to say that Mr. Harcourt shows considerable skill in handling his material and giving some freshness to his new version of "Much Ado About Nothing," for confessedly he borrows from Shakspeare's comedy, though he gives a fresh turn to it. His Benedick and Beatrice by the old device are induced to get engaged to one another from pity, yet each loves someone else, and the girl thinks her true sweetheart false, and the man is ignorant that the woman of his heart has become a widow: consequently, a last Act is needed to extricate them from their entanglement and tie them anew. Some clever acting was given by Messrs. France, Scott Buist, and Holman Clark; Miss Illington, of course, was amusing; Miss Dorothy Thomas played prettily; and Miss Auriol Lee made quite a "hit" by clever work as a little vixen.

"Where the Crows Gathered" was rather trying, save in the passages in which Miss Ethel Irving gave an exhibition of her curious remarkable power, when for a few minutes the somewhat turgid work became quite vivid. There is so little art in the ambitious story that the reason why the young man beloved by the "famous courtesan" was killed,

instead of merely warned that he was about to marry a girl in ignorance of the fact that she was his step-sister, is not obvious—at least, I failed to discover it. To write unkindly of one-Act plays is quite painful, but, if there is to be a welcome revival of them, authors and managers must avoid the short work that is really a long one boiled down. These condensed dramas may be less trying than the other Act-pieces dragged out into three from which we often suffer; but there is little more to be said in favour of playlets in which there is a ridiculous proportion of recital of past matters to the quantity of effective present drama. In the case in point, one recognises the author's sincerity and his praiseworthy ambition without being affected by his miniature thunder and lightning. What a pity! The few brief moments of Miss Ethel Irving's passion were thoroughly moving. How she will stagger the general public one of these days!



"THE AXIS," AT THE CRITERION: MISS ADA WEBSTER,  
WHO IS PLAYING LADY MARJORIE ROYAL.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



A BROTHER WHO SUCCEEDS A BROTHER AND A SISTER WHO SUCCEEDS A SISTER.

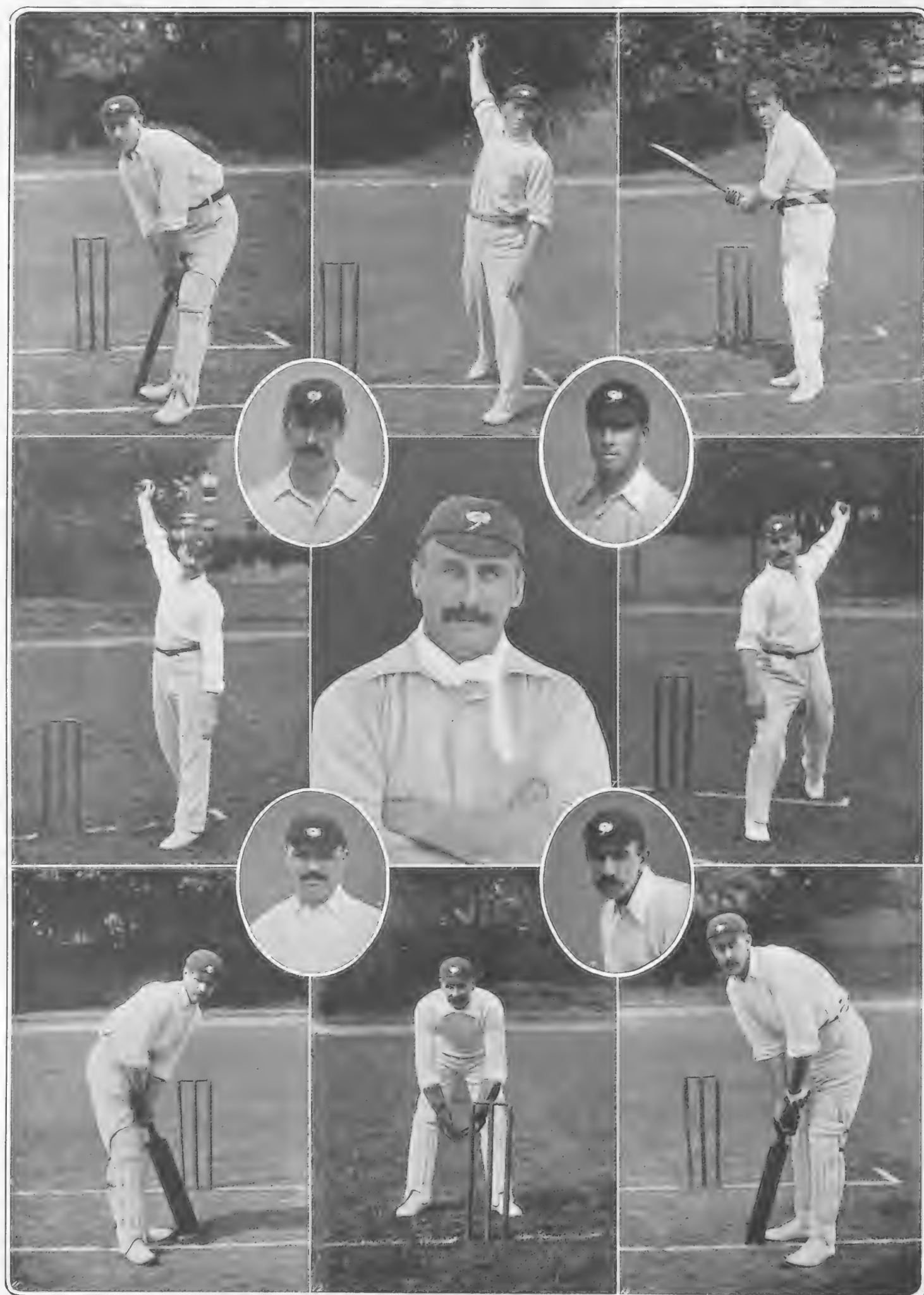


MISS PHYLLIS DARE, SISTER OF MISS ZENA DARE, AND MR. STANLEY BRETT, BROTHER OF MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks from the Vaudeville has necessitated several changes in the cast of "The Catch of the Season." Curiously enough, a brother succeeds a brother and a sister a sister in the two leading rôles, for Miss Zena Dare created the part of Angela, now being played by Miss Phyllis Dare, and Mr. Seymour Hicks that of the Duke of St. Jermyns, now being played by Mr. Stanley Brett.

*Photographs by Bassano.*

## COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—V. YORKSHIRE.



1. RHODES.

2. MYERS.

3. H. WILKINSON.

4. HON. F. S. JACKSON.

5. E. SMITH.

6. RINGROSE.

7. LORD HAWKE (CAPTAIN).

8. HIRST.

9. HAIGH.

10. DENTON.

11. GRIMSHAW.

12. HUNTER.

13. TUNNICLIFFE.

*Photographs by Foster.*



## THE BAUERMEISTER BENEFIT AT COVENT GARDEN:

THE BÉNÉFICIAIRE, THE ARTISTES, AND THE CONDUCTORS.



1. MISS E. PARKINA,  
Who plays Musetta in "La Bohème."  
2. SIGNOR CARUSO,  
Who plays Rodolpho in "La Bohème."  
3. MADAME MELBA,  
Who plays Juliette in "Roméo et Juliette" and Mimi in "La Bohème."

4. SIGNOR SCOTTI,  
Who plays Marcello in "La Bohème."  
5. M. DALMORÈS,  
Who plays Roméo in "Roméo et Juliette."  
6. MR. LAWRENCE REA,  
Who plays Gregorio in "Roméo et Juliette."

7. M. G. DUFRICHE,  
Who plays Tybalt in "Roméo et Juliette."  
8. M. SEVEILHAC,  
Who plays Mercutio in "Roméo et Juliette."

9. M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER,  
Who conducts "Roméo et Juliette."  
10. SIGNOR CAMPANINI,  
Who conducts "La Bohème."  
11. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER,  
The Bénéficiaire, who plays Gertrude in "Roméo et Juliette."

The matinée organised by Mme. Melba for the benefit of Mlle. Bauermeister, who is retiring from the operatic stage, takes place this afternoon, Wednesday. The first and second Acts of "Roméo et Juliette" are to be given, and the third Act of "La Bohème."

Photograph of Mlle. Bauermeister by Johnston and Hoffmann.

## A RESULT OF THE "STONE-IN-THE-BATH-BUN" APPEAL.



CURATE : There are no stones in your penny buns, I suppose, waiter ?

WAITER : Well, Sir, our penny buns we can't guarantee, Sir ; but hall our tuppenny buns 'ave been subject to a hexpert hex-ray hexamination before bein' passed as fit for 'uman consumption.

[RESULT : Sale of a tuppenny bun.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



SOME BALL-ROOM TYPES: PARTNERS WE HAVE ALL MET.



IV.—THE WOULD-BE AWFULLY FUNNY MAN.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"MANY years ago," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "we were in company with Sir Henry Taylor. Well-read men were present, and the talk turned on the relative merits of seventeenth-century prose. There were *quot scriptores, tot sententiæ*; Hooker and Taylor, of course, but also Bacon, Hall, Fuller, found champions, while others pleaded, with ourselves, for Milton. The old man listened, playing with his vast grey beard. Presently from his lips came forth, in deliberate, sonorous cadences, 'They who to States and Governors of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament'—the long, opening sentence of the 'Areopagitica.' And Milton, as we listened, gained the day: *Tu missus abibis* was said to every other claimant."

The choice of M. A. Beljane, Professor at the Sorbonne, as Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, is entirely satisfactory. There are few more conscientious and thorough students of English Literature anywhere to be found than M. Beljane. It is to be hoped that the Clark Lecture will be published, and, indeed, it would be desirable that the Lectures should always be published, and that in a uniform series.

Mr. W. D. Howells has been discoursing in his Editor's Easy-chair on the exhaustion of writers. There comes a time, he says, in the experience of, perhaps, every stated purveyor of intellectual food when the stock he has long been drawing upon seems finally exhausted. "There is not a grain left in the barns where he had garnered up the harvests of the past; there is not a head of wheat to be found in the fields where he had always been able to glean something. If he shakes the tree of knowledge in the hope of a nut to crack or a frozen-thaw to munch, nothing comes down but a shower of withered leaves." This lack of matter, according to Mr. Howells, assails young writers quite as much as old. Still, subjects turn up. The world is always interesting. There are outbreaks, and revolutions, and sensations, and so there is something to write about. For the rest, Mr. Howells advises essayists not to keep too scrupulously to one subject. The ancient essayists never kept to their proposition, nor ended anywhere in sight of it. The best English essayists, too, apparently talk about everything else in the world but the business they have started with. But they are always talking delightfully, and that is the great matter with any sort of talker.

By taking this desultory way, the real artist will never be at a loss for a subject. Rather, his trouble will be too many themes, not too few. Having chosen among them, his error will be in an iron sequence rather than in a desultory progression. He is to arrive, if at all, laden with the spoil of the wayside, and bringing with him the odour of the wild flowers carpeting or roofing the by-paths. The acceptability of this method depends very much on the essayist. Classical writers, relatively speaking, have

never written much. Any modern journalist in full work surpasses them far in the quantity of his production.

No doubt, very few writers desist because of the consciousness that they have nothing more to say. Novelists will pursue the art of fiction to extreme old age, and turn out half-a-dozen novels in a year. But they are exhausted nevertheless. What they write is a washed-out reproduction of their old work. The public find it out, and then the publishers make the discovery, and then the curtain falls. In certain departments of journalism a man may go on for ever if he freshens his mind continually. But in fiction the limit of admirable

production is generally reached by the end of the tenth book, and often much sooner. It is very questionable whether George Eliot could have given us much more that was worth having, and, perhaps, the same may be said of Charlotte Brontë. Of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray it is practically certain that their fame would have been higher and surer if they had given us no more than ten novels. It does not follow, however, that because a novelist for once writes a poor book his career is ended. The circumstances of the moment will often produce weariness, and the result will be a temporary decline. This, however, may be no more than a stumble in the walk of a stalwart man. Of those who have no claim to creative genius it may safely be said that the charm and interest of their work will remain so long as they are taking in at least as much as they give out.

I came the other day on the remark that literary men are, as a rule, great readers. Is this true? There are many journalists who are obliged to read a great deal for professional purposes, and not a few of these come to limit their reading in a strictly utilitarian way. They do very little disinterested reading. Great novelists and poets, with a few exceptions, read very little. Even Edward FitzGerald, who knew

more about books than most of his literary contemporaries, possessed only about a thousand volumes, and I could name famous authors of to-day who are not much better off. The really omnivorous reader, according to my experience, writes nothing, and has no desire to write.

The little magazine published by the Clarendon Press makes known, as it has also been made known in *The Sketch*, that the Clarendon Press once made a bid for printing the notes of the Bank of England. It was about seventy years ago, when the forger was abroad in the land, and it was desired to make his task more difficult. A sample Oxford note was adorned with a number of unintelligible quotations from out-of-the-way languages—Arabic, Coptic, and others. It was thought no forger could reproduce them, and an elaborate argument was given in with the sample note to that effect. Nowadays any note may be copied by photography, and the unique quality of its paper is the security of the Bank of England against fraud. O. O.



A MATTER OF PERSONAL OPINION.

"An' 'ow are you feelin' ter-day, Mrs. Podger?"

"First-class, thanks, young man. A wind always suits me."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



*Concerning Kisses.*



III.—THE WIFELY OR CONSOLATION-PRIZE KISS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## JACK PRACTISES FRENCH FOR THE BENEFIT OF JACQUES:

OUR ARTIST IMAGINES PRELIMINARIES TO THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO BREST.



The visit of the British Fleet under Admiral May to Brest began yesterday (Tuesday), and will terminate on the 16th. The Municipality has drawn up an elaborate programme for the entertainment of its guests, who are likely to enjoy themselves hugely.

DRAWN BY ROSSI ASHTON.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### THE WIDOW AND THE BOY.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.



"Love," said the Widow, sententiously, "is like a generous wine—both are delightful if taken in moderate quantities;

"Only when they are said by *you*," corrected the Boy, bending a little towards her.

"That's rather nice," said the Widow, critically.

The Boy smiled to himself.

"How would you recommend it to be taken?" he asked, after another little pause, during which the dance-music from the ball-room in the distance floated to their ears with a pleasantly subdued sound that harmonised well enough with the subdued light of the conservatory and the confidentially subdued tone of their conversation.

The Widow, whose thoughts at that instant were divided between the invention of a fresh epigram and the undeniably handsome profile of the Boy, roused herself with a little start.

"Taken?" she repeated, fixing her large blue eyes on the Boy's face in mute interrogation. "Recommend *what* to be taken?"

"We were speaking just now," said the Boy, "or rather, *you* were, of a certain generous wine—or was it something else?"

The Widow laughed—another of those little, low laughs, which seemed to the Boy infinitely more musical than the strains of the band in the ball-room.

"I don't think," she said, slowly, "I don't think I should recommend it to be taken—at all."

"Ah," murmured the Boy, "that generous wine! And why not?"

"There are always the after-effects, you see," mused the Widow, dreamily.

"If taken in—immoderate quantities," observed the Boy. "I think that was what you said?"

"It is so difficult," explained the Widow, "to confine oneself always to—moderation. The young and untried palate——"

"Yes?" said the Boy, as she paused.

"Is easily overcome. Love is a powerful intoxicant."

"Like the nectar of the gods!" sighed the Boy. "But to gain heaven——"

"Remember the after-effects!" interrupted the Widow, warningly.

"I was going to say, it were worth risking them," he concluded.

"Perhaps—yes, perhaps," murmured the Widow, stealing another glance at the Boy's face.

"And you—you, too, would run that risk?" he asked, with sudden emphasis.

The Widow shrank back into the cushions of her chair. For a widow—and a worldly widow—her heart had begun to beat strangely fast. Still, she did not forget that she was a widow—nor the didactic obligations attaching to that rôle.

"I?" Her laugh had something of nervousness in it. "Oh, no! I am too old for experiments in new sensations!"

"Then you admit," cried the Boy, triumphantly, "that it would be a new sensation?"

"You jump to conclusions too quickly," was the best rejoinder she could find to make; and the weakness of it was patent, even to the Boy.

"You forget, too," she went on, hurriedly, "that I am a widow—and, therefore, a dangerous person to—to suggest experiments of this kind to! Do you not remember Mr. Weller's excellent advice on the subject of—widows?"

but in each an excessive indulgence will produce the same disastrous after-effects!"

"Ah!" said the Boy, regarding her thoughtfully, "the parallel is, no doubt, good, but I fancy I have heard something like it before."

"That," said the Widow, with a pretty little pout, "is the disadvantage of living after Selwyn, Walpole, and Sheridan. There are no good things left to say. Epigrams are no longer spoken—they are carefully collected, indexed, and entered into note-books by novelists, to be served up retail by them afterwards, at so many epigrams per page, in their novels!"

The Boy continued for an instant longer to regard the Widow with something of a more critical air. The result of his survey confirmed him in the conviction that she was quite the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. It was, therefore, with an almost startling precocity of discernment that he remarked, after the least little pause—

"How clever you are!"

The Widow, for all her worldliness (and she prided herself a good deal upon this), coloured with gratification at this artless tribute to her intellectual charms. She knew perfectly well that she was a pretty woman. Not only her glass, but innumerable masculine tongues had incessantly conveyed the assurance of this truth to her, directly and indirectly, ever since she had left the school-room. But of her wit (beyond so much as is conceded without criticism to all pretty women) she was less certain.

There is no flattery in praising the obvious. The subtlest flattery is conveyed by an appeal to the less transparent qualities; and a beautiful woman's vanity is better served by praising her mind than her face.

But it is not every Boy that knows this.

The Widow leaned back in her low wicker-work chair and gave a soft little laugh. The light in the conservatory was dim, yet she had raised her fan instinctively to her face, foolishly conscious of the blush—which in the dim light the Boy could not possibly have seen.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"Adorably clever!" he repeated. "And I," he added (with a singular lack of justice), "and I am so stupid."

"No," said the Widow, in the judicial tone of one balancing evidence, as she looked at the Boy over the edge of her fan, "I don't think you are stupid—I should not call you stupid in the least. Most young men—very young men—are simply appallingly stupid. But you are really an exception to the rule. You don't, for example, try to talk and say clever things, and, of course, fail ignominiously. You are content to listen, and when you hear clever things said—by others—you can appreciate them."

"Yes," said the Boy, calmly. "And I agree with it. Widows are a perpetual menace to the peace of Man! That is why I want to remove you from that pernicious sphere of influence in the future!"

"To remove me from——" The Widow stared at the Boy in momentary bewilderment, and then she caught her breath in the effort to give a little laugh, which ended in an odd little hiccup instead.

The relative positions of herself and the Boy seemed somehow changed during the last three minutes, and she was fast losing her grip of that sense of mental and worldly superiority that had hitherto sustained her in her didactic attitude towards him. In a desperate attempt to regain her lost prestige she took refuge behind another epigram.

"The very young man is often bold from mere ignorance," she remarked, sagely.

"Then you shall teach me to be timid!" he rejoined, with disconcerting aptitude.

The Widow realised that the position was no longer tenable. She sought for a means of escape that might yet enable her to effect a compromise with her self-esteem. But the Boy pressed his advantage home.

"I swear," he went on, passionately, "that I will learn that lesson from no other teacher—that I *could* learn it from no sweeter one!"

"You are so young—so very young," she faltered, "to learn!"

"Young!" The Boy uttered a joyful laugh. "Yes—I am young—but that is no crime in *love*, whatever it be in politics! Or, at least," he added, "if it is, we are fellow criminals—you and I!"

"I am much older than you," said the Widow, with dignity, and quite ignoring the implication in the Boy's last words.

"How old are you?" the Boy demanded, gazing at her unwinkingly.

"I? Really, you are——! Well . . . Don't look at me like that, please! . . . I am twenty-three, since you are impertinent enough to ask me my age!" she retorted.

"And I," he replied, "am twenty-two."

"Really?" exclaimed the Widow, opening her eyes upon the Boy in wonder. "I should never have put you down at more than twenty!"

"Fact!" said the Boy. "Twenty-two. Not much in it, after all, is there?" he added, with cheerful candour.

"Age," said the Widow, loftily, "is to be measured by experience—not years."

The aphorism restored her to a momentary sense of intellectual superiority once more: the Boy conceded it with a shrug of well-simulated despair.

" . . . To be both clever and beautiful!" he murmured. "And," he added, after an instant's pause, while his eyes dwelt upon the Widow with unmistakable admiration, "so young!"

"Young!" exclaimed the Widow, drawing herself up.

"It is only the young," he observed, "the very young, who can afford to pretend to be old! You are young enough to pretend to be a Sarah—but" (he leaned over her so that his face was very close to hers) "you are too young to be allowed to remain a widow!"

"And who is to prevent me, pray?" she demanded, with a fine show of independence.

"By your leave—myself!" answered the Boy, suddenly seizing her disengaged hand and drawing her towards him.

The struggle was a brief one. Before physical predominance, mere mental supremacy and an excess of worldly experience are powerless. The Widow, recognising this truth, capitulated at the second kiss.

"And I thought," she murmured, extricating herself with what dignity she could, "that you were only a Boy!"

"I was—yesterday," the Boy admitted; "but now——"

"Now," she put in, gently, "you are older—much older and wiser—than I am!"

"Yet not too wise to learn Love's lesson from *you*!" he protested, gallantly. "It is from *your* lips, sweet, that I shall drink that generous wine—and so gain heaven!"

"Our dance, I believe?" said a courteously deprecating voice at their elbow.

The Widow and the Boy turned simultaneously, with a guilty start. A man stood patiently in the background, absorbed in the examination of his programme.

The Widow uttered a stifled exclamation.

The Boy raised his eyebrows.

Then they looked at each other and smiled.

THE END.



#### ECONOMY I

MOTHER (reading): "And all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again." You see, dear, he was an egg.

LITTLE GIRL: Oh, Mummy! What a pity! And he was all wasted. But couldn't they poach him?

DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE shutters are going up in the West-End, and several of the big front-doors are shortly to be locked. After Friday evening the St. James's closes, and Mr. George Alexander will not be seen at his own home until Christmas-time. On Saturday the run of "The Dictator" at the Comedy will come to a close, but only for a time, as it will be resumed in September. On the same day "The Cabinet Minister" will terminate, and with it, as all *Sketch* readers are aware, the existing brilliantly successful partnership between Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude.

The acting temperament being essentially an impulsive one, many well-known people do not make up their minds where they will spend the few weeks of their vacation until the last moment. This is the case with Mr. Beerholm Tree and Mr. George Alexander, neither of whom can, in the nature of things, have a very long holiday, as they will have to be in London in August to begin rehearsing. Sir Charles Wyndham will spend the earlier part of the vacation in Buxton, whither he is taking Lady Wyndham, who is very seriously ill. Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Esmond (Miss Eva Moore) are going through Scotland on a motor-car, while Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh will be at Folkestone, a favourite resort with them. Mr. and Mrs. Maude will be at their country-house, "The Cottage," at Bexhill, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) will go to the seaside after Mr. Bouchier has been on his usual yachting-trip, though while they are away the run of "The Walls of Jericho" will be continued, so that the large number of people who come to London for their holiday may be able to see Mr. Sutro's brilliantly successful work. Miss Constance Collier will spend her vacation at Dieppe, as she generally does. Miss Gertie Millar will make a motoring tour, and Miss Jessie Bateman will be in Cornwall for the short time which elapses between the closing of the Haymarket and the beginning of rehearsals at that theatre. In Cornwall, too, are Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving (Miss Mabel Hackney). They are there while Mr. Irving is finishing an important piece of work. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are at their country place, The Lodge, Fife; Mr. Sydney Grundy is at Etaples, Pas-de-Calais; and Mr. Arthur W. Pinero is rusticated at his little place near Witely, in Sussex.

It is a long time since the stage has lent its services to the Opera in so marked a manner as it has this season. Two of the novelties staged at Covent Garden this year are "L'Oracolo," Mr. Franco Leoni's one-Act opera, the Italian version of Mr. Charles Fernald's "The Cat and the Cherub," which was played at the West-End some years ago, and in which Mr. Holbrook Blinn created so marked an impression that it may be said to have settled him in the favour not only of the public, but of the managers,

and, again, Signor Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." The latter, which has been very successful on the Continent, was originally dramatised by Mr. Belasco from Mr. John Luther Long's story, and, after its production in America, was given at the Duke of York's.

Playgoers, too, who follow the movements of actors cannot fail to have noticed that when Mr. Hayden Coffin went to the Apollo to act in "Véronique" he superseded Mr. Lawrence Rea. Now, Mr. Rea has, for the time being, left the lighter operatic stage and has secured an engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, thus following in the footsteps of Mr. John Coates, who, after he had attracted the favourable notice of the critics by singing in musical comedy, stepped on to the stage of Covent Garden and sang one or two of the most important rôles in the répertoire. In this respect Mr. Lawrence Rea has not been so fortunate, but he will, probably, soon get better opportunities of distinguishing himself, and everybody interested in the advancement of English artists will anticipate the coming of that day with pleasure, for, as *Sketch* readers know, Mr. Rea is an accomplished artist and sings with exquisite feeling and taste.

If the weather is fine on Friday, not only the actors and the general theatre-going public may be expected to foregather at the Botanical Gardens, but a large number of those who take a pleasure in seeing actors in their habit as they live off the stage. The occasion is the garden-party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, of which Sir Henry Irving is the President and Miss Ellen Terry the Vice-President. Among the special attractions are a hat-trimming competition by actors, a cricket-match, in which well-known actresses will be opposed by equally

well-known actors, and a performance of Mr. Bernard Shaw's specially written melodrama, "Passion, Poison, and Petrification; or, The Fatal Gasogene," in which all the parts will be played by leading actors, including Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. G. P. Huntley, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Lennox Pawle, and Mr. Cyril Maude, while outside the theatre will be Miss Polly Brough and Miss Adela Measor, Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Lionel Brough, the two latter of whom may be relied on to beat the big drum in the most approved fashion.

Mr. Frank Curzon having decided not to continue his lesseeship of the Comedy Theatre, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has taken it for a term of seven years, and has already mapped out an attractive programme for the autumn and winter. Before the autumn comes, however, Mr. Weedon Grossmith will produce there his new play, which is at present called "The Duffer," and he has selected the evening of Monday, Aug. 21, for its introduction to the public. After it has run its allotted course, "The Dictator" will be revived.



MISS KATE CUTLER DRINKS THE HEALTH OF MISS KATE CUTLER: AN INGENUOUS "DOUBLE" PHOTOGRAPH

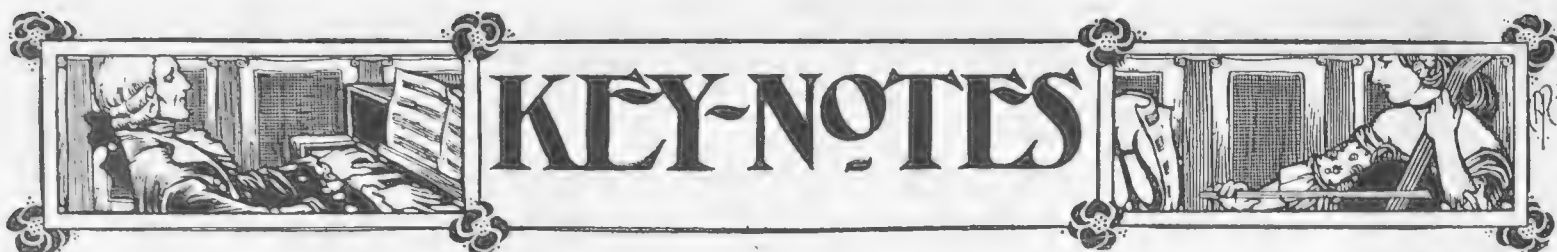
By H. and D. Downey.



"ROB ROY," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: THE FINALE.

The Hippodrome's new spectacle promises to be every whit as successful as its predecessors. No less than two hundred chorus and supers are in the arena at the finale. Rob Roy is played by Mr. Leo Stormont.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



AT the Æolian Hall, the other afternoon, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz gave his annual concert, and the fact that many fine singers and artists lent their services on the occasion says much for his popularity in the musical world. The programme was supported by such names as Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, Miss Parkina, Madame Sobrino, Mr. Gregory Hast, and M. Johannes Wolff; while, to crown the list, came Madame Réjane and M. Plançon. It may well be imagined that under such circumstances the concert was a very genuine success, and it must always remain with Mr. Ganz as a memory that during his long career so many distinguished people were willing to do him honour.

London has, to a large extent, been deprived of the artistic services of M. Plançon during the present season. He has not been seen at the Opera—more's the pity; and, though he has been singing at many private concert-parties, I think that I am not wrong in saying that this was his first appearance in public during the present season. His splendid rendering of Schumann's "Les deux Grenadiers" showed not only how splendid a voice he possesses, but also in how artistic a manner he uses it. We know no contemporary bass who can quite equal the splendid quality of Plançon's voice. It would be invidious to mention individuals, but, with many names occurring to the memory, he outstrips them all; the only drawback is that he seems to do so little work. Mlle. Zélie de Lussan seems always at home in every kind of vivacious song, and with Gounod, with Verdi, and especially with Bizet, she showed that versatility to its utmost significance. Madame Réjane in her recitation on this occasion often identified herself with certain of the poses which were given last week in the pages of *The Sketch*.

M. Wolff, always an appealing if not always a greatly distinguished violinist, played the violin part in Mr. Arthur Hervey's "Romance in D" and "Serenade in G" with a carefulness and an appreciation of work which is very refined and very musicianly. Mr. Hervey is always agreeable, not only because he never writes commonplace music, but because he composes charmingly within the precise circle which he knows to contain everything which he has to say in music: and that is a very high distinction.

It seems to be the invariable policy of the Covent Garden authorities to postpone any performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" to the end of the season, even though it has been known that Mozart has on one or two occasions, notably on an occasion of last year, been brought forward at the beginning of the season, to be considerably neglected later on. Without pursuing that point of view further, the performance of Mozart's great

work on a recent occasion at Covent Garden shows the absolute truth of Richter's now almost stale remark that "Mozart has a future." It has often been the habit of managers of various Opera Houses to make of "Don Giovanni" a sort of stop-gap; the Management of Covent Garden, however, this year, obviously encouraged by the skilful advice of M. Messenger, resolved to do the best in its power to render "Don Giovanni" as it should be rendered, and were accordingly inspired by a sense of responsibility and by a determination to give that great score real justice. M. Messenger himself conducted, and, from the outset, it was clear that his singular musicianly instinct had brought him very close to an understanding of the magnificent work. It is, indeed, a score which requires understanding. Simple in appearance, and equally simple from a superficial point of view as the melodies are, it is by the combination of the orchestra into a unity, compounded of many details, that Mozart created the work which was given with such success the other day at Covent Garden.



SIGNOR PINI CORSI AND MISS ALICE NIELSEN  
IN "DON PASQUALE," AT THE WALDORF.  
*Photograph by C. Vandyk.*

Signor Scotti, as the Don, was admirable, though, perhaps, a little too full-blooded; he is great enough, however, to be compared to Maurel and Renaud in the same part. Renaud rather adopted the ideal of a weary and world-worn, but still undefeated Roué; Maurel, on the other hand, partly hid that idea by an assumption of great anxiety in his amours; Scotti, on the other hand, is simply an amorous Don Giovanni, thinking only of one thing, and pursuing it to his own destruction. Putting discussion aside, however, Scotti, on this occasion, sang extremely well, and acted with much buoyancy of spirit. A very notable detail of the performance of "Don Giovanni" was Caruso's interpretation of the part of Don Ottavio. As a rule, despite the extreme difficulty of the songs allotted to this character, Don Ottavio is rather despised by what may, in all good-humour, be described as the "star-tenor." This was evidently not in Mozart's mind when he wrote such a beautiful melody as "Il mio Tesoro," which is extremely difficult to sing, which is a great trial to the most artistic

of tenors, and yet which has been relegated, as a rule, to quite secondary vocalists. The event proved that Caruso was determined to show that his success is not to be dependent upon mere traditional expectations, but that he will insist upon going back to the idea which prevailed a century ago. It only remains to add that Mlle. Donalda was a very fine Zerlina, that Gilbert's Mazetto was very humorous, and that Mlle. Destinn and Miss Agnes Nicholls sang very well. M. Journet and M. Marcoux were quite in the operatic picture designed by da Ponte—a name too seldom mentioned—and Mozart. COMMON CHORD.



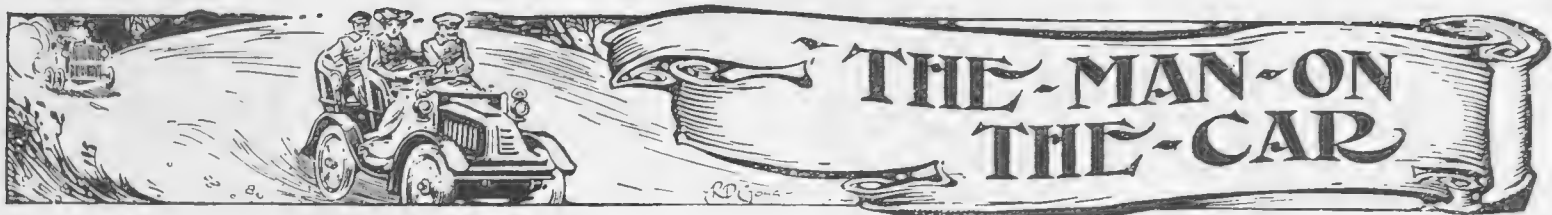
THE REVIVAL OF THOMAS CAMPION'S "THE MASQUE OF THE GOLDEN TREE,"  
AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

At the Guildhall School of Music, Thomas Campion's beautiful Masque, arranged in honour of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard and performed for the first time at Whitehall nearly three hundred years ago, has been revived with much sincerity of purpose and complete artistic success. Nearly all the dancers, singers, and players were students of the Guildhall School, and the entertainment proved to the distinguished audience that assembled at the invitation of Mr. C. T. D. Crews, the Master of the Musicians' Company, that the great Corporation School holds its own even in these days of many academies. Several beautiful old numbers were revived; one heard music by Byrd, Richard Farnaby, Anthony Holborne, and other old masters whose work to-day is almost the exclusive property of scholars. Some vocal pieces for which no music could be traced were happily set by Mr. Arthur Prendergast, who conducted the small but efficient orchestra with considerable ability. The instruments included a harpsichord and a tabor.

*Photograph by Sims and Rousham.*

very humorous, and that Mlle. Destinn and Miss Agnes Nicholls sang very well. M. Journet and M. Marcoux were quite in the operatic picture designed by da Ponte—a name too seldom mentioned—and Mozart.





THE TOURIST IN FRANCE—THE HYDE PARK ROADS—THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF FRANCE AND THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE—  
THE EXAMINATION OF CARS—THE MOTOR AT ELECTION-TIME—THE RESULT OF THE GORDON-BENNETT.

THE tourist, so long as he drives through villages and towns in a reasonable manner, is more or less of a *persona grata* in France, where custom has laid the outcry *re* dust and speed of which we in this country are now receiving more than our full share. Police-traps are not the practice of the French gendarmes, although one does read of *contravention au vol* from time to time in the columns of the French Press. But, however this may be, I have talked of late to numerous English automobilists who have been up and down and round about France this year already, and one and all agree that, for motor-touring, France is the country *par excellence*. Over there a motor-car is a recognised touring-appliance, if one may be permitted such a term, and the welcome extended the traveller at provincial hotels makes hugely for the pleasure of the trip. Moreover, outside villages you may drive comparatively fast without fear of interference, so long as you drive reasonably and courteously in passing and overtaking. Care must be exercised, however, for in France a great deal more roadside grazing and pasturing is done than here, and a small child or ancient beldame is frequently found in charge of one or two cows or some painfully meagre sheep. The only bitter in the cup is the cost of transport and the trouble in connection with the Customs and the permits. But all that, as I have previously indicated, is very much simplified by membership of the Motor Union.

Manufacturers as well as owners are clearly not going to sit down quietly under the Hyde-Park-barred rule lately promulgated by Lord Windsor. It will undoubtedly harm business for those makers who, like Messrs. James and Browne, of Hammersmith, make a speciality of what may, for lack of a better name, be termed town petrol-cars. In these cars a special method of lubrication by vacuum is adopted which renders over-lubrication impossible, while particular care has been taken to render these cars noiseless. The case for the electrically driven brougham is even stronger, and it is surely nothing short of an iniquity towards the industry and owners that the Park should be denied to such vehicles during the fashionable period.

"We can't get everything all our own way, so we shan't play any more." That is practically the avowal made by the Automobile Club of France to the world at large with regard to the Gordon-Bennett race for 1906. The only terms upon which France would agree again to take part in this event are so ludicrous that

anything more ridiculous ever put forward in connection with a sporting competition? It might just as well be advanced that, if we play a French team at cricket or football, our teams in both pastimes should exceed those of our Gallic opponents by a number proportionate to our census of players in relation to theirs.

Motor-cars, as a general rule, now exhibit such extraordinary reliability that owners and paid drivers are prone to become neglectful



A PENNY MOTOR-BOAT: THE "BATTERSEA" ON THE LAKE, BATTERSEA PARK.

The attractions of Battersea Park have been added to by a motor-boat which carries passengers at a penny a head. Needless to say, she finds many patrons.

of those regular attentions upon which convenience, comfort, and even life, may depend. A motor-car must not be regarded as a bicycle, to be ridden or driven day in, day out, and, so long as it runs, have no attention paid to it. No matter how reliable and faithful in service the car may be, it should always be subjected to a careful examination at least once a week when running regularly. Nuts, bolts, should all have attention; steering connections particularly should be looked to. Front-wheel bearings, which are generally lubricated by filling the axle-cap with grease and screwing it on to the hub, are often left untouched much too long at a time. All attachments should be verified, and slight leaks at once attended to.

Such care as this, which should be insisted upon, will not only save money, but may avoid serious accident.

In the matter of elections, the owners of motor-cars hold a very strong weapon in their hands. Motor-cars, or the use of them, are very much desired by Parliamentary and Municipal candidates when seeking the suffrages of the voters. In any such case, neither the motor-owner's vote nor his car should be put at the service of any candidate who will not pledge himself to deal in a common-sense manner with any motoring business that may come before him. I would go so far as to say that, in view of the General Election, automobilists should make the motor question the prominent plank in their platform, and should, for the nonce, sink all other political views. I realise that that is a strong measure, and will in some quarters go hideously against the grain; but, in view of what we are threatened with, such measures are none too drastic.

For the second time in succession, Théry, driving a Richard-Brasier for France, has won the great race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, covering the four rounds of the Auvergne Circuit in 7 hr. 2 min. 42 3-5 sec. Nazzari, of Italy, was second on his Fiat in 7 hr. 19 min. 9 1-5 sec. Cagno, also on a Fiat, took third place in 7 hr. 21 min. 22 3-5 sec. The best time made by the English team was that of Rolls, who, on a Wolseley, finished in 8 hr. 26 min. 42 1-5 sec. Earp, on a Napier, followed him and covered the ground in 8 hr. 27 min. 29 4-5 sec. There seems very little doubt that, had he met with ordinary luck, Lancia on his Fiat, and not Théry, would have been first home. Italy's chief representative had the misfortune to meet with an accident during the third round, and was put out of the race. In the first round he gained on Théry to the extent of 6 min., and in the second round he gained another 6 min. 56 sec.



OUR NEIGHBOURS ACROSS THE CHANNEL ADOPT THE MOTOR AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE: A MOTOR-PLOUGH AT WORK IN THE VINEYARDS.

they appear hardly credible. There is so great a lack of sportsmanlike feeling in this resolve that, if persisted in, it will assuredly have an undesired effect upon the French export trade in motor-cars. What France says is this: "We, as a nation, are the largest manufacturers of motor-cars in the world, and therefore in such a race as the Gordon-Bennett we, as a nation, should be represented by such a number of cars as would be proportionate to our output in comparison with the output of other competing countries." Was

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

GOODWOOD—SANDOWN—THE WAR AND SPORT—LOVELY LINGFIELD.

It is a thousand pities that such a poor entry should have been received for the Stewards' Cup. Only thirty-eight horses have been nominated for the race to be decided on Aug. 1, against fifty-four received for last year's race. The quality is well represented, however, and the field is very likely to be nearly up to the average, as only four owners have more than one representative. Melayr, who won the race last year, is certain to start; but Delaunay may be saved for a later event. Those who backed Sir Daniel at Ascot will have the chance to support him again here; and it may be well to remember that, last year, Melayr, who was well backed for the Royal Hunt Cup, was beaten out of a place. Of the other entries for the Stewards' Cup, Santry, Charcot, Orchid, Challenger, and Bass Rock are all more or less fancied. It will, however, be time enough to deal with the race after the weights have been issued. The Goodwood Plate may be won by the King's horse, Chatsworth, who ran second last year to Saltpetre. The latter is not entered this year.

The best meeting of the year at Sandown is the Eclipse fixture. The course just now is looking at its very best, and I am glad to notice that the going has been very much improved during the last year or two. A capital crop of hay has just been gathered from the centre of the course, which shows the herbage to be good and strong. The race for the Eclipse Stakes is not likely to produce much speculation, as on paper it looks to be a gift for Cicero, who should go on and win the St. Leger, for which he has been so heavily backed. Lord Rosebery's colt has thrived on his work of late, and he has often been ridden at exercise by Maher. This, I take it, is an excellent idea. Colonel Hall Walker is of opinion that Cherry Lass will beat Cicero at Doncaster, and W. Robinson coincides; but I think Cicero will win easily, as he will be well suited by the distance of the race, and the Epsom time-test stands for nothing, as he was never really extended in the race for the Derby. However, so long as opinions differ, speculation on the Doncaster race should take a wide range, although I think that, when the numbers go up, Cicero will be hard to back, and I am certain he will be hard to beat in the race.

I was talking to Mr. H. M. Dorling, the well-known Clerk of the Course of the Epsom Meeting. He told me that things were not so good in the racing world as they were before the war, and I can quite believe it. The cost of the war had mainly to come out of the pockets of the leisured classes, who set about giving up luxuries. Included in these must be noted subscriptions to Racing Clubs. Thus we find a falling-off in the list of Club-members attached to many meetings held in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. Further, people who, years ago, hired boxes at Ascot and Epsom now content themselves with going into the rings only and view the racing from the top of the stands. It may not be generally known that one of the richest owners of racehorses in England never goes into the rings or paddock unless he has a horse running, when he gets a ticket given him. Under ordinary circumstances, he views the racing from his carriage on the opposite side of the course. Yet he controls millions of money.

I doubt whether it would be possible to pitch on a prettier spot in England for a racecourse than Lingfield. I attended the opening meeting at this enclosure and have been charmed with the place ever since. The Club accommodation

is perfect, and the course is a good one, the going being sound the year round. Mr. J. B. Leigh, who has a big interest in the racecourse, has always displayed liberality in the management of the undertaking, and in Robert R. Fowler he has one of the most popular Clerks of the Course in England. It would be almost impossible to find fault with anything at Lingfield. I think, however, that the Club members should not be called upon to pay admission-fees

when buying their railway-tickets. The tickets should be sold minus the fee for admission to the course. True, only ordinary first-class return fares are charged, but that is not the point. There will, by-the-by, be some good racing at the meeting to be held on Friday and Saturday. Lancashire, who is none too reliable, may win the big race of the meeting if B. Dillon is in the saddle, and I fancy the big two-year-old race will be won by Lord Wolverton's Perfect Dream colt, who was heavily backed but cut up badly at Ascot. CAPTAIN COE.



Oscar Asche.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ACTORS AS OPPONENTS ON THE CRICKET-FIELD: MR. OSCAR ASCHE AND MEMBERS OF THE LONDON ACTORS' ELEVEN LEAVING THE FIELD AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE PROVINCIAL ACTORS' INNINGS.

The match was played for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Orphanage Fund, and was left drawn, although the provincial actors were in the better position. For the provincials, Mr. V. O'Connor made 101 and Mr. F. P. Knox 46. For the London actors, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, an old Sussex amateur, made 45, and Mr. R. Selby 41. Mr. Oscar Asche scored 10.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Hon. S. R. Beresford (Umpire). J. Jarvis. K. Cannon. J. Woodman. C. Chandler. H. Jones. W. Dollery. Mr. G. P. Huntley (Umpire).



E. Matthews. P. Chaloner. T. Cannon junior. M. Cannon (Captain). D. Maher. G. Williamson.  
H. Woodland. J. H. Martin.

DEVOTEES OF THE PIGSKIN AS WIELDERS OF THE WILLOW: THE JOCKEYS WHO PLAYED AGAINST THE AMATEUR ATHLETES AT THE OVAL LAST WEEK.

The Jockeys won the match by 11 wickets after the Athletes had declared their second innings closed. T. Cannon scored 34, G. Williamson 31 in the first innings and 20 (not out) in the second, J. Woodman 21 in the first innings and 43 in the second, C. Chandler 20 in the first innings and 38 in the second. P. Chaloner, W. Dollery, D. Maher, H. Jones, M. Cannon, K. Cannon, H. Woodland, and J. Jarvis made ducks. E. Matthews and J. H. Martin each scored five.

Photograph by R. Thiele.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

I HAVE quite come to the conclusion that, if one must spend July, or part of it, in London, the most agreeable afternoon idling-place is the swimming-bath at the Bath Club. The water shows clear and translucent, and, what is more to the point, feels so; and the disengaged, graceful way in which members perform the most astonishing aquatic feats commands both one's envy and admiration.



[Copyright.]

FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

Diving always seemed the rashest feat—a sheer tempting of Providence, in fact—until one was inducted to its safe simplicity by the skilled instructresses at the Bath; while such performances as “marching,” somersaulting, water-wheeling, side-stroking, and so forth, savoured of black magic pure and simple until practised and acquired. With a temperature of a hundred, more or less, on the pavements outside, it can be realised how delicious it feels to float on cool, green depths within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly.

Never within the memory of the most-preserved oldest inhabitant has Hibernia the humid enjoyed such fine weather as lately. Sunny memories of the no-longer distressful country must, indeed, long obtain with the hundreds of visitors who have lately crossed over to the Emerald Isle. Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden were delighted with everything and everyone there—particularly their time in County Cork, which was spent at Garinish, belonging to Lord Dunraven, who has, by the way, just become a Roman Catholic. Opening up the new route through Kerry has brought yearly increased numbers of tourists, who are enchanted with the unexpectedness and utter beauty of this unknown Ireland. Landlords who are anxious to realise hereditary and hitherto barren acres now find themselves satisfied with the terms offered by a more prosperous tenantry, so that, altogether, things are looking up at last, one hopes, in the “ould country,” and that era long deferred, long hoped for, perhaps dawning in the land that Moore called the “Island of Sorrow.”

The usual stampede to the sales began on the first of the month, as usual, and the woman of discrimination, not to add determination, has had opportunities of laying up treasure in her wardrobe greater than for many previous years. The seasonable weather began so late that many merchants and tradespeople have had unusually large stocks on hand, with the result that exceptional bargains have been obtainable in “all departments.” A sale, which only lasts until July 15, is at present in full swing at the London Corset Company's, at 28, New Bond Street, and there is not a doubt that the inducements offered to purchasers at this delightful shop far outweigh the ordinary chances even of sale-time. Taking into consideration the excellence of material and elegance of style which distinguish all their productions, the prices at which their corsets, blouses, petticoats, and lingerie are being sold are a whole series of surprises. There are pretty little ribbon corsets, others in brocade, coutille silk, the Company's far-famed specialities, such as the Samothrace and the Tricot, together with an endless array of charming French blouses—all these desirable items being absolutely made in Paris, it should be well understood, and therefore the last word in *chic* and shape.

It may be usefully remembered by people going abroad that a bottle of Essence de Ricqlès meets every demand the traveller or sportsman can make on it. It is an improved preparation of peppermint for medicinal purposes, a salutary antiseptic mixture for toilet use, and a digestive and stimulating drink in any weather.



[Copyright.]

FOR THE SEASIDE.

Essence de Ricqlès is, in fact, a medicine-chest in a single bottle, and should never be absent from the kit or dressing-bag of Colonist or tourist.

There was quite a rush at the Academy this week by dilatory folk who had not seen the much-discussed season's pictures, and wanted to improve their knowledge before it was too late. Of course, the people who want to talk of the last new book or picture are





A GIFT FROM POETESS TO RIFLE ASSOCIATION:  
THE CHALLENGE CUP PRESENTED BY MRS. OAKLEY TO  
THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Oakley is well known in military circles by her topical poems on military matters. She is also a constant patron of the County of Sussex Rifle Association, to which the perpetual challenge cup here illustrated is her latest gift. The trophy was modelled and designed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 220, Regent Street, W.; 158, Oxford Street, W.; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

towards Oetzmann's in Hampstead Road, where the sale of furniture purchased by them from Norman and Stacey still goes forward. Excellent and exclusive designs in carpets, furniture of all the Louis periods, as well as fine examples of modern and antique English cabinet-work, are on view at large reductions from original prices. The system of deferred instalments has been adopted by Oetzmann's, whose customers will find it in the present connection a special convenience and opportunity for acquiring specimens of remarkably fine furniture.

SYBIL.

### THE COMPETITORS AND CARS IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

By an unfortunate mishap in numbering, incorrect descriptions were given in our last issue to several of the photographs appearing on the page headed "To-day's Great Race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup: Competitors and Cars." The correct lines are as follows:—

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|--|--|
| 1. England: Bianchi on his Wolseley.     | 9. Italy: Nazzari on his Fiat.           |
| 2. England: Clifford Earp on his Napier. | 10. Germany: Jenatzy (Mercédès).         |
| 3. England: Rolls on his Wolseley.       | 11. Italy: Lancia on his Fiat.           |
| 4. France: Duray on his De Dietrich.     | 12. Germany: Werner (Mercédès).          |
| 5. Germany: De Caters on his Mercédès.   | 13. America: Dingley on his Pope-Toledo. |
| 6. France: Théry on his Richard-Brasier. | 14. Austria: Braun (Mercédès).           |
| 7. Italy: Cagno on his Fiat.             | 15. Austria: Burton (Mercédès).          |
| 8. France: Caillois (Richard-Brasier).   | 16. America: Lytle on his Pope-Toledo.   |

Hereford, the centre of the lovely Wye Valley, is experiencing one of the finest summers that it has seen in recent years, and, as a consequence, visitors are flocking to it. The Hereford and West of England Rose Show, one of the largest shows of its kind in the kingdom, is held to-morrow, the 13th. Additional attractions are provided by an excellent band, which plays regularly in the gardens, the Castle Grounds, and by a regatta on the Wye, in connection with which two hundred pounds in prizes are being offered.



AN AMUSING NATURAL-HISTORY DISCOVERY BY ODOL.

The proprietors of the well-known dentrifice, Odol, draw attention to the curious marking of the tiger here shown. "Whilst scientists were busy with the important investigations which resulted in the famous dentrifice Odol," they write, "and centuries before the name was thought of, it would appear that tigers were roaming the jungles of India bearing upon their coats the impress of the very word. That this powerful and beautiful inhabitant of tropical forests—perhaps the animal of all others with the best dental equipment—should be, as it were, the actual forerunner of Odol is one of those coincidences which is nothing short of marvellous."

### ROMANTIC NORTHERN ENGLAND.

So true is it that the average Britisher knows little of his own country, as the average Londoner knows so little of the great city in which he works and lives, that there must be many living in Southern England who have little idea of the beauties of the North, and *vice versa*. There is no excuse nowadays for the Englishman not to remedy this national defect. Facilities for travel are not confined to the Continent, and the great railways of this country are doing their best to open it up to the English sightseer, feeling it hardly meet that the travelled American, German, or Frenchman should, as a rule, know Great Britain a good deal better, so far as sightseeing is concerned, than the Briton himself. In particular, the Great Northern and North-Eastern Railways are determined to change this, and many would do well, indeed, to test the Companies' special excursion service, which guarantees them not only speed but comfort on the journey to the many romantic and beautiful spots of Northern England.

When Zola died so tragically, his widow handed over a large mass of his manuscripts to the French National Library. They have now been classified and put at the disposal of the public. Some of them are extremely interesting, showing as they do the methods by which the novelist obtained his realistic pictures. The minute scrutiny which Zola brought to bear on everything he wished to describe is almost incredible, and quite explains how, when he actually began to write his books, he could write them as quickly as he



ALONE IN A BALLOON: MR. FRANK BUTLER ABOUT TO LEAVE  
FOR A VOYAGE IN THE "VERA."

Mr. Frank Butler, founder of the Aéro Club of the United Kingdom, recently made another successful unaccompanied voyage in his balloon, which has a capacity of 35,000 feet. Leaving London at 5 p.m. in a hot sun, the balloon rose to a height of 10,000 feet, and, passing over the Epsom Grand Stand and Box Hill, descended safely at Billingshurst, Sussex, at 8.30 p.m.

did. His first idea of "L'Assommoir" came to him in 1868, when he was living among drunkards and poverty-stricken companions in the Rue St. Jacques, in a miserable, tumble-down house. Here is a little extract from the first scheme of "L'Assommoir," taken from a note-book dated 1869: "A washerwoman, the ironing-shop in the Batignolles quarter opening on to the street, the wash-house, the washerwomen, a fête, all the week's earnings spent in one meal, windows open, the street a welcome guest, songs at dessert, women go to fetch men at the wine-shop, remember to mention a photograph of a man killed on the barricade in '48, which keeps up the revolutionary hatred." The note about the photograph is characteristic; throughout, details are noted in this painstaking and systematic way. There are word-pictures (many of which were never used) of courts, rooms, and staircases which are photographically exact, and the note-books for "L'Assommoir" alone would, if they were reproduced, make seven volumes of the size of the novel.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the old-established wine-merchants of Regent Street, London, have been honoured by appointment as purveyors to the Emperor of Japan. The Imperial warrant, which was issued from Tokio, is dated May 15, 1905.

Holiday-makers would do well to consider carefully the compressed-cane trunks made by the Trunk Factory Saxonia, for which the sole London agent is Mr. Guy Rotmann, Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row, and for which Messrs. John Campbell and Co. have a wholesale dépôt at 142, Trongate, Glasgow. The trunks are made in a great variety of sizes and shapes, and have earned many favourable opinions for their lightness, their strength, and their durability. Only the best Spanish cane, which is light and elastic and yet tough, is used in the manufacture, and the new Steelframe used in the first-quality cane trunks is strong, elegant, and untarnishable.

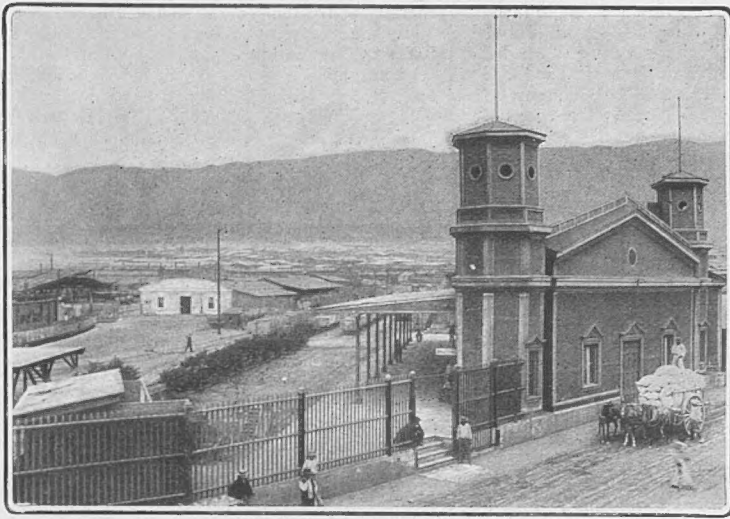


## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 26.*

## SOME IMPROVEMENT.

ALTHOUGH there is very little business doing, the tone of the markets is, all round, far better than it was, especially in the case of investment stocks, and our French friends have, for the time being, got over their scare as to Morocco and war with Germany, while the appointment of the Peace delegates by both parties makes the world think that, after all, President Roosevelt's efforts may lead



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to satisfactory results. It is not likely that there will be much movement in markets or the activity which everybody is hoping for until the summer is over; but if European politics settle down and the Washington negotiations lead to satisfactory results, it is by no means unlikely that this autumn may see things seriously on the mend, and those who have bought in dull times and are prepared to wait will then reap their reward. The weakest spot has been and remains Kaffirs, in which the considerable depreciation since last Settlement causes some anxiety. It is not unlikely that there may be trouble over the arrangement of the account. Our anticipations with regard to the Japanese loan have been verified, and probably before these lines are in our readers' hands the new loan will be out. It is to be a  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. issue at 90, and is, of course, underwritten. We understand the commission paid was 2 per cent., so that Japan will get 88 net for the bonds.

## DESIRABLE INVESTMENTS.

"Q.'s" long note which we give below was in our hands some days before the Antofagasta dividends were announced. They coincide exactly with his predictions, 10 per cent. being paid on the Ordinary and 15 per cent. on the Deferred. It must be remembered that these are for the year 1904. During the current year the receipts have been much larger, and 12 per cent. on the Ordinary and 20 per cent. on the Deferred is confidently expected. As the present prices of the stocks include the above declared dividends they are still not overpriced, although since "Q." wrote there has been a considerable rise. On the whole, we have thought it best to leave the note exactly as it reached us on July 3—

I think it well once for all to make clear the lines on which I try to work in the hope of helping readers and investors. With the punter for his "market turn"—the hanger-on of Capel Court eager for his "sixteenth"—I have nothing in common; but for that vast class which is not satisfied—which declares it cannot afford to be satisfied—with 3 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., I have much sympathy, and am bold enough to propose investments carefully thought out, patiently investigated, and spread over a wide field, returning 6, 7, and, in some cases, even 8 per cent. The old-fashioned reader will, perhaps, exclaim—partly in horror, partly in wrath—"Away with such ideas! No 7 or 8 per cent. for me!"

Let us argue together.

It is not so very many months ago that the *Times* published a curiously interesting comparison between the investment of two separate sums of £10,000 over a period of seven years: the one amount placed in "Trustee Securities," the other in concerns giving a higher return. The old-fashioned investor will, probably, be thunderstruck to hear that, during the period indicated, the Trustee Securities depreciated to the amount of £1,800; while the other lot never lost above £350 value at any one time! I do not wish unduly to press the point, but I claim it adds weight to my contention that, given shrewd advice, careful selection, and a wide base of varied securities, it is far from impossible to obtain a higher yield for one's capital than is generally supposed.

For the purposes of this present "Note" I will take a couple of instances which present themselves from the occurrences of the moment, but which are of entirely different kinds.

The first shall be an African Brewery, the second a South American Railway.

On the 29th of June the shareholders of the "Ohlsson" Brewery Company assembled at the Cannon Street Hotel to hear their Chairman's speech, and to examine the year's accounts. It was the sixteenth annual meeting, so that time sufficient had elapsed to test the soundness of the Company.

Here I have only time and space for a brief examination, but it will suffice for the purpose. The denomination of the shares is £5; their market value, £24—£25; the annual dividend is 40s., thus yielding 8 per cent. to a present buyer. Is one justified in joining the concern?

Well, the amount of dividend is not exceptional; for the previous year the distribution was precisely the same, and over the sixteen years of the Company's existence on only two occasions has the dividend been as low as 12 per cent., while

it has been as high as 52 per cent. Then arises the query, Have these fine distributions been obtained by "squeezing the orange" and "dividing up to the hilt"? A very few figures will satisfy anyone that it is not so. The Ordinary capital altogether amounts to £500,000, in addition to which there is £350,000  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debenture stock, a total of £850,000; and, against this, the Reserve Fund amounts to the large sum of £730,000. As a matter of fact, the concerns are few indeed which with an Ordinary capital of £500,000 have accumulated a Reserve of £730,000, and the record of the Company is so good that I feel justified in including it in my list of "desirable investments" for a portion of one's capital.

I have said that a point on which I lay great stress is not only a variety of investments, but a variety in the *kinds* of investments, so my second choice for to-day is nothing in the Brewery line—nothing African at all—but a Railway Company, and a Railway Company in South America. The rise of "Antofagastas" has been striking, and, after so great an appreciation, the question, of course, arises, Should one still be a buyer? In my humble judgment, the question admits of a decisively affirmative reply, for even at present prices the yield is exceptionally good.

The fact is that in this case the rise in the value of the stock has simply followed, as a matter of course, the great expansion in the receipts of the Company. And these are bound to grow still further, for new Nitrate Oficinas have lately been erected, and are still in course of erection, which will bring additional income. In ten years the receipts have doubled, and since the railway cut itself adrift from the Huanchaca Mining Company the traffic is carried at a lower proportionate cost. Space only now permits me to point out that the accounts for the past year will be received by the end of the month, and the Ordinary stock, now quoted at £181, is expected to receive 9 or 10 per cent., while it is believed for the current year a distribution of 12 per cent. may be looked for. As for the Deferred stock, it is difficult to limit the figure it may not reach: 15 per cent. dividend for the last year and 19 or 20 for the current year would make the price look low; in all probability, it will continue to grow in value. With these two "hints," I leave readers to say for themselves whether "Ohlssons" and "Antofagastas" are still not very well worth buying in reasonable quantities.—Q.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Thank heaven, I'll soon be going away!" said The Jobber, slamming down one of the windows and turning up his sleeves at the cuff. "Isn't town atrocious in this weather!"

"I suppose it is," answered The Solicitor. "I suppose it is—when one has nothing to do."

"We can't all be lawyers," The Broker reminded him.

The Jobber began to say something, but The Engineer kept the peace by interposing—

"This new Jap. Loan. Will it permanently depreciate the prices of the other issues?"

The Banker, appealed to, said he did not think it would. "When peace comes—"

"We ought to bar that phrase," growled The Jobber, fanning himself with someone else's paper.

"—Japanese bonds," pursued The Banker, "will probably adopt  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. as their investment basis."

"Not the Sixes," remarked The Engineer.

"Not the Sixes, naturally," concurred the old gentleman. "Everyone knows that they may be redeemed before long—"

"Which makes your observation highly superfluous," The Jobber told The Engineer.

"But the other issues will, in my judgment, eventually step upon a  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. platform, if I may adopt a colloquialism."

"Adopt anything you please," said The Jobber, crossly, but quietly. "Twins, if you want to."

"Where did you pick up your angelic mood?" inquired The City Editor, kindly. "I should like one for myself."

"That's nothing," The Broker replied for him. "He's on the wrong side of the hedge in Americans again, and does not take kindly to the sensation yet."



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The Jobber looked at him with a lofty scorn. "Nobody minds about losing money," he retorted. "It's all part of the game. But I do hate having nothing to do."

"Business bad with you too?" and The City Editor bent slightly forward. He ducked to avoid a blow more crushing than criticism.

"Americans are the only market where there's anything doing, all the same," The Broker said, rather cruelly.

"And they will go better," declared The Jobber. "But I see very little business on the sunny side of September."

"One can never tell," The Solicitor consoled him. "I know of several big concerns coming along in the Company world."



"That's a good sign," said the hopeful City Editor. "South Americans look a goodish market, too."

"I've begun to recommend Rosarios and Pacifics to my clients," observed The Broker.

"*Faut de mieux?*" asked The Jobber.

"There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," The Broker rejoined. "A good broker can always find sound, selected stocks for clients' consumption."

"You should go in for writing advertisements," The City Editor counselled him. "Your style has distinct originality and dash."

"I repress the perfectly obvious retort," The Broker neatly answered.

"It's getting hotter and hotter," moaned The Jobber, tossing his straw into the opposite rack. It was a bad shot.

"Do that again and I'll murder you," The Engineer promised, as he kicked the offending hat away and brushed his damaged silk. "I am greatly minded to go a bull of Americans and spoil your market further."

"I'm sorry about the hat, but I'm no bear of Yankees," The Jobber replied. "Because I quite agree that we shall see them much better."

"Sooner than mines?"

"Mines!" and The Broker's laugh was tragically satirical. "We shall soon say 'Dead as Kaffirs,' instead of 'Dead as nails.'"

"What's the odds on an early recovery?" The City Editor persisted.

"Something pretty long," nodded The Broker, receiving confirmatory nods from The Engineer and The Solicitor.

"Why not West Africans?"

"Deader still."

"Westralians, then."

"No good to anyone. There's more kick in the Broken Hill brigade than Westralians."

"Shan't sell my Props," announced The Engineer. "They seem to have taken on a new start."

"Referring to the price or to the mine?" was The Broker's brief inquiry.

The Engineer hesitated a little. "I am afraid I was thinking of the market," he admitted.

"Sell 'em when they're good; and buy 'em when they're bad. Good axiom to apply to any mining shares," remarked The Jobber.

"There are always exceptions."

"And there will always be mines," was the retort. "They tell me the Broken Hill things are to be helped up further."

"Nobody's mentioned Egyptians," The City Editor observed.

"Long shot. Not worth the money at present: not one of them," The Solicitor sweepingly condemned the lot.

"That's going more than a trifle too far," said The Broker.

"Although, mind you, I consider the Gippy Market won't wake up until the autumn."

"Good idea," said The Jobber, shutting his eyes. "I'm going to hibernate as far as the terminus. Please don't talk, anybody."

And he gave a healthy snore.

#### THE TRUSTEES CORPORATION.

It is as well to again call our readers' attention to the scheme which before these lines are in their hands will be fully sanctioned. We are not in love with the proposals, as may be seen from what we wrote before they were made public, and again after they were in the shareholders' hands; but it is folly to kick against the pricks, and the only point of remaining interest is, What is the best thing for the shareholders to do? We advise them to sign their approvals and to take none of their Preference stock, by which means they will get their fully-paid Ordinary share free of charge, and the necessary money will have to be found by the guarantors, who are paid for the risk. We do not anticipate that shareholders who take this course will have any cause to regret the scheme. The  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Preference stock may be worth over par, but in these dull times is not likely to command any large premium.

Saturday, July 8, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

C. I. O.—Send us the terms of the proposed reconstruction. The business was once a good one, but since the efforts to extend it into a second Whiteley's it has been a failure. If the terms are not too onerous, it might be worth while to risk a bit more.

X. Y. Z.—The liquidators are Messrs. Mellor, Barden, and Co., whose address is 33, St. Swinith's Lane. Write and ask them the position. We think the depositors have been paid 6s. 8d., and will get 5s. more this year.

READER.—See "Q's" Note, which exactly answers your inquiry.

E. P.—You could probably plead the Gaming Act if you wish to escape payment; but it is not quite cricket, unless you have some more evidence than you give us that the outside brokers have not done the business fairly.

H. T. R.—(1) We are not in love with any Home Rails, but the Deferred stock you name is among the most promising. (2) If you buy the Mashonaland Debentures you are courting disaster. We have the worst opinion of the security, as you must have seen if you had read our Notes for the last few issues. Buy some of the best Electric Light shares and read "Q's" Note.

A. J. S.—Yes, if Bearer bonds are destroyed you would probably lose your money. Hire a safe at the Chancery Lane Deposit, or buy a small one for yourself.

SHAMROCK.—Our anticipation as to the Bank in question was based (1) on our knowledge of the conservative policy followed by the Board; (2) the fact that the Bank has done good financial business on this side; (3) our belief that there are considerable hidden reserves.

A. E.—See last answer.

*The eighth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Waring and Gillow, Limited, was held on Friday afternoon at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Place, E.C., Mr. S. J. Waring junior presiding. The usual notice convening the meeting having been read, the Chairman said—*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My first and pleasant duty is to congratulate you on the satisfactory results of the Company's business for 1904, which show a profit, before providing Income Tax, Directors' Fees, and Interest, of £131,551. This profit enables us to pay the 7 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares, to put £15,000 to reserve (which will then amount to £115,000), and to carry forward a balance of £13,585 to the current year.

#### A CONSISTENTLY PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS.

These results show that the progressive character of our enterprise, which has always been one of its distinguishing features, is being fully maintained. The year under review was by no means a generally active one for British trade, and the fact that we did so well, notwithstanding the prevalent dullness, may be taken as an indication that we have built upon sure foundations. I may point out that the growth of the annual profits has been continuous. In 1900 the amount, before the deduction of the charges I have referred to, was £77,155; in 1901, £86,201; in 1902, £101,927; in 1903, £119,983; and in 1904, £131,551; the last two items including the dividends received in connection with the Company's holding of Ordinary shares in Hampton and Sons, Limited.

#### LAST YEAR'S SUCCESSES.

It will be seen by the report that we were engaged during 1904 in a number of important contracts, many of which—especially the Sultan of Turkey's yacht, the Waldorf and Lyceum Theatres, and the work entrusted to us at the new Savoy Hotel—have won the most favourable opinions of the Press. With our exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair we carried off two Grand Prizes for Furniture and Decoration, besides Gold Medals for Sanitation, Upholstery, etc.; and we have good grounds for hoping, from the work already placed in our hands, that the impression made will bear fruit in the United States now that they have realised the artistic possibilities of refinement and simplicity in the decorative treatment of their homes.

#### WARING AND GILLOW'S NEW LONDON PREMISES.

The inadequacy and scattered positions of our present London shop space have hitherto to some extent handicapped our efforts. These are disadvantages, however, which will speedily disappear. Most of you, I suppose, have seen the handsome new building which is being erected for our occupation in Oxford Street, and which is rapidly approaching completion. It is perhaps superfluous to say anything about a structure which, so far as its exterior goes, speaks eloquently for itself. It would be difficult—may I not say, impossible?—to name a building directly associated with commerce that has attracted so large an amount of artistic interest and been so universally admired. Its dignified and commanding features have elicited the ungrudging praise of the public and the Press. I do not think the Board will be accused of undue vanity if they claim to have done something to help to beautify London. At any rate, we have erected a convincing architectural illustration of that intimate connection between art and commerce which it has been our constant aim from the outset to foster.

#### THE AIM OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENT.

We hope, in these new premises, to assist public taste in the choice of beautiful domestic surroundings, and to bring within the reach of all classes the possibility of artistic excellence in the English Home. We have had to contend with many obstacles and difficulties, but the goal is now in sight, and we hope soon to show you an emporium that has no parallel, to which you can go in the conviction that you will be well treated and fairly dealt by, and where you will get the best value for your money. The large additional space at our disposal will enable us to greatly extend our business by the introduction of many new departments connected with the equipment of a house, for which our present premises have not been sufficiently large. We shall start with all the departments and stocks absolutely up to date; everything will be selected with a special regard for sound construction and artistic design; and alike in quality and price we shall occupy a unique position, bringing our artistic knowledge and extraordinary mechanical resources to bear on every household requisite, so as to produce well-designed results at a cost which, so far as I know, will have no parallel in Great Britain.

It will be our constant endeavour to secure and keep, in this new departure, that complete public confidence which only good style and good workmanship, combined with moderate prices, can permanently retain. Special consideration will be given to customers who are restricted to a limited expenditure. I desire to emphasise this point of inexpensiveness. The householder will find in our new premises not only everything he wants, but everything at competitive prices; and at the same time we shall spare no effort to maintain the high repute of the firm for those qualities of taste, harmony, and proportion which it has consistently and with some success endeavoured to illustrate. With such a programme and with such greatly increased facilities, it is quite reasonable to look forward to a commensurate expansion of business.

#### THE CURRENT YEAR'S BUSINESS.

Although our attention has been largely occupied with the immense amount of detail work in connection with the new premises, nothing has been left undone to advance the interests and prosperity of the Company. As stated in the report, we have on hand, amongst many other important contracts, work on H.M.S. the *Renown* for the Prince and Princess of Wales's Indian trip; a yacht for H.H. the Khedive of Egypt; a new palace for the Maharajah of Kapurthala, which for refinement and practicability will create a new standard amongst the palaces of India, and of which I may say that it will not be an illustration of the aggressively gaudy styles of British art which Lord Curzon deprecates in India; the interior of a new train for the Grand Duke Constantine; the Hamburg-American liner *Amerika*, one of the largest, if not the largest, vessels afloat, which will surpass anything previously carried out in ship decoration; the offices of the International Mercantile Marine Company, Cockspur Street; and many other important contracts; and I am happy to add that our general trade during the current year shows a considerable expansion, which is indicated by the fact that we have now on our books the names of over 35,000 customers.

In the business we represent here to-day, we may at least claim progression, for the contracts we have carried out and have in hand in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Spain, Egypt, Greece, the Argentine, Turkey, India, South Africa, and America demonstrate that the world recognises the influence of British art. At the same time, we fully recognise that it must be the policy of the firm to be ceaseless in its efforts to attain and maintain the highest results from the scientific, artistic, economical, and effective standpoints.

I would only like to add, gentlemen, that we hope on the next occasion to welcome you all at our new establishment, where we propose in future to hold our annual meetings, and where you will have an opportunity of walking through the showrooms and inspecting the premises generally and our methods of business, and of judging whether we have carried out the policy defined above to your satisfaction.

The Chairman moved that the Balance-sheet for the year 1904, together with the report of the Directors, be adopted. This was seconded by Mr. Popham, and carried unanimously. At the motion of Mr. Assinder, seconded by Mr. P. Hastings, the retiring Directors, Mr. S. J. Waring and Mr. S. J. Waring, junior, were unanimously re-elected. The Auditors of the Company, Messrs. Franklin, Wild, and Co., were re-elected on the motion of Mr. H. H. D. Anderson, seconded by Mr. Popham. A vote of thanks to the Chairman, carried with the greatest enthusiasm, terminated the proceedings.